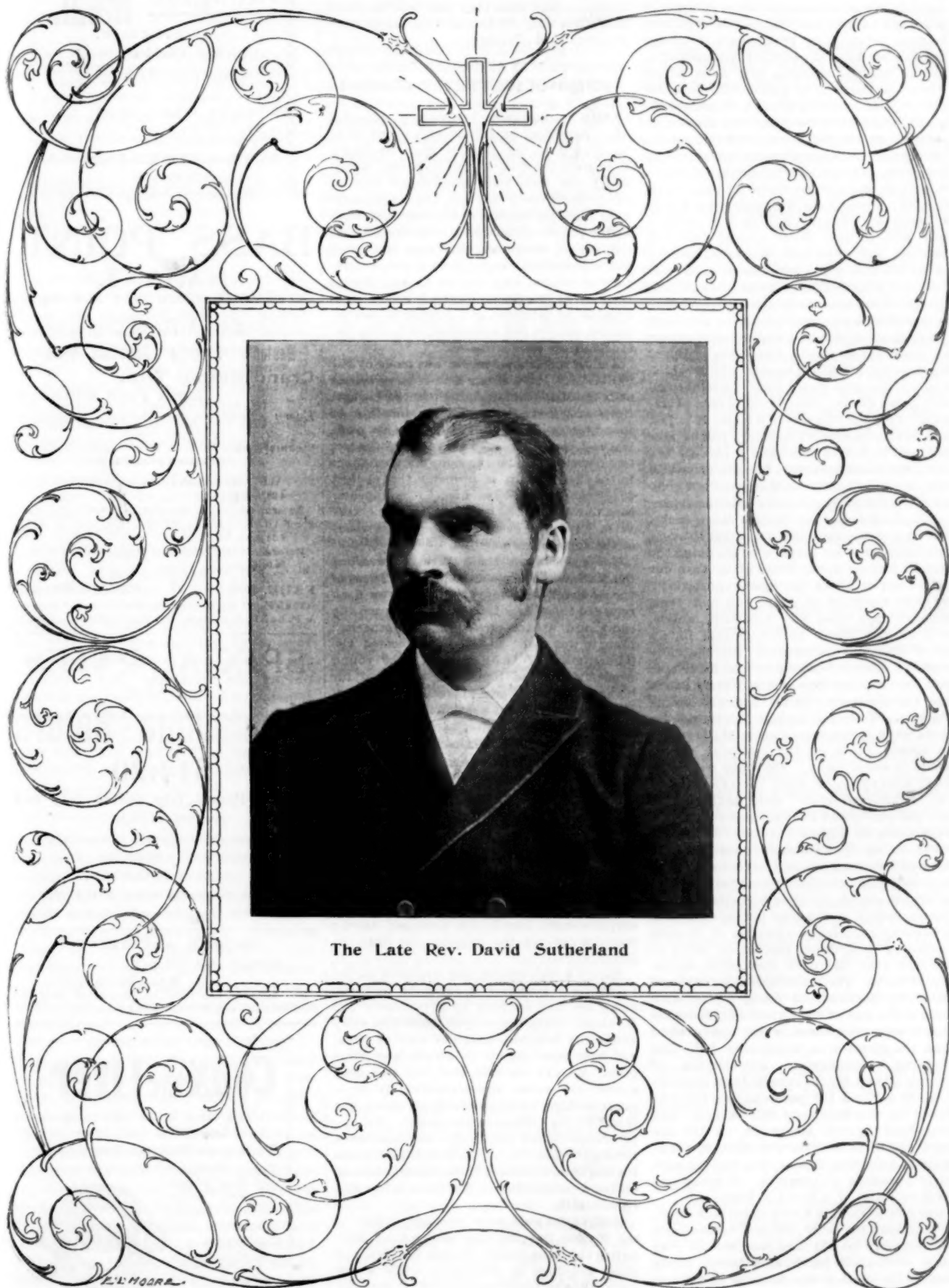


Zion's Herald

Wednesday, August 3, 1898



The Late Rev. David Sutherland

FIGHTERS BELOW DECKS

WAR correspondents, with a true American love of fair play, have recently been calling on the stay-at-homes to appreciate and applaud the fighters below decks. While the public is ready to cheer for commodore and captain and ensign and lieutenant, and even for the gunners, it is prone to forget all about the men who toil in the engine rooms and furnace rooms far beneath the decks, in an atmosphere seemingly beyond human endurance. Even in times of peace the work of the stokers and engineers is most arduous, for their quarters cannot possibly be kept at ordinary temperatures. But in tropical climates, and most of all when the vessel is in action, with furnaces and engines running at their maximum capacity, the heat is terrible. The usual temperature in the monitors is said to be about 140 degrees in the engine room and 155 in the fire-room. The cruiser "Cincinnati," which is said to be the worst vessel for heat, registers 189 degrees in her fire-room when all the furnaces are running, and on one occasion this rose to 205. What wonder that the hardest men grow weak and faint, and beg to be allowed a few minutes on deck that they may breathe again? It may be said that though these stokers and other workers have to endure this great heat, they are free from the dangers of shot and shell to which those on deck are exposed. But while ordinary shots would not disturb them, a blow which disabled the ship would surely be fatal to all men below decks; there is no chance of escape. They are like rats in a trap. It is just as true service of one's country, just as true heroism, to shovel coal into a furnace in a steaming, smoking prison beneath the water line, as it is to man a gun on deck or to stand on the bridge and navigate the ship.

But there are other fighters below decks. Not only in our navy and army, but in every great city there are people who are doing the world's furnace work. Some of us have our little theories about the "labor problem;" we quote statistics to prove this and that, compare wage scales and tenement rentals, criticize the trades unions, or talk loftily about economic necessities. All the while we know next to nothing of the fierce fires that burn out the lives of the factory hands and the sweater's victims and the child-workers. We forget that if it were not for them many of the conveniences of life would be absent, much of our national wealth would be swept away. Far more worthy of study than the mere fight for existence of the "submerged tenth" is the fight for honesty and purity and unselfishness that is always going on among the poor. It is one thing to sit in a library and read a clever novel of tenement life, and sigh over its pathos, and quite another to see that life in its miserable, sordid, yet often beautiful, reality. The generosity of the poor towards the poor is frequently remarked upon as if it were something exceptional, instead of being so common that the poor themselves do not talk about it. The heroic resistance of temptation by thousands of young women with little in the way of education or surroundings to encourage them, is far less noticed than the disgrace of those who fall. The plodding, commonplace self-sacrifice of humble fathers for the sake of their children does not get into the papers as does the cruelty of the drunkards and wife-beaters. The long fight against starvation on the one hand and dishonesty on the other by thousands of unemployed men has had no adequate chronicle — though Mr. Wyckoff has given us a hint of it in "The Workers."

Our civilization, in a very important sense, is built upon the labor, the faithfulness, and the integrity of the men and women who work with their hands, at a barely living wage, with none of the luxuries and few of

the comforts of life, with almost no public recognition except when desperation forces them to resist some unusual oppression, and with very little of the consolation and support of religion to sustain them. Against fearful odds they are fighting for manhood and womanhood. It is well that we try to bring the Gospel of Christ to them. But while the vast majority of them are still in darkness, we are not to forget that, whether they will believe or whether they will turn away from that good news, they are still our brothers; and that they are fighting below decks not only for themselves, but for us. — *The Standard* (Chicago).

THE "OLIVETTE'S" COMING

THE hospital ship "Olivette" arrived at New York on July 16 with nearly three hundred wounded soldiers from Santiago. They were the first of the American Army, which has done such magnificent work at the front, to reach this city, and consequently an immense amount of interest was taken by the public in the arrival of the vessel. At quarantine, where the first stop was made and where about one hundred of the wounded were landed and carried to the Marine Hospital at Stapleton, Staten Island, a large number of relatives and friends of the returned soldiers had assembled, and many pathetic scenes were witnessed.

A most remarkable record was made by the "Olivette." Not a single man of those whom she carried to the North died on the voyage. No stronger testimony could possibly be found for the extraordinary strides that medical and surgical science has taken in the last two decades. Under the same circumstances in the Civil War it is probable that at least 30 per cent. would have died. It is unnecessary to add that the wounded on the "Olivette" received every advantage that modern science makes possible.

The scene when the "Olivette" reached quarantine was a memorable one. Those of the wounded who were able to walk on deck crowded the side of the vessel toward the shore, and as the first tender approached them it was hard to tell who cheered the louder, they or their friends. One young woman called, as loudly as she could, for "Three cheers for our brave soldier boys!" and the cheering was kept up until the tender reached the "Olivette," and the hurrahs gave place to congratulations and kisses and tears.

Among those on the tender was United States Judge John R. Thomas, provincial governor of the Indian Territory, whose son, wounded in Cuba, was one of those brought home. This was Lieutenant John R. Thomas, Jr., of Troop L of the Rough Riders. He had been reported killed, and when Judge Thomas saw him, not, indeed, well, but alive and on the fair road to recovery, he caught him in his arms and cried: "Tonight I am the happiest old man in America."

Hardly a man among the wounded on the "Olivette" possessed a complete uniform, and a few had nothing to cover them but blankets. They had thrown their kits away under the terrible, merciless sun of Cuba, and had been unable to obtain new supplies. Most of the men, also, had not been shaved for weeks, and altogether it was a queer-looking lot of nondescripts which was found by the visitors on the tender. But appearances did not matter in the least, and a fortnight's growth of stubble did not make the slightest difference in the kisses bestowed on the wounded heroes by their wives and sweethearts.

Most of the men who were not taken to the Marine Hospital were removed on Sunday to the Long Island College Hospital and other hospitals in Brooklyn, while a few were taken to their homes. — *N. Y. Tribune*.

A NATURAL
Perfect Food
giving constant **NOURISHMENT** and **NERVE FORCE**, building daily the essential elements to bone, brain, muscle, teeth, hair and skin.

Arlington Wheat Meal.

No other Food like it.

Growing Children need the health-giving elements of WHEAT for strong and vigorous constitutions. Ask your grocer for the genuine **Arlington Wheat Meal**; there is no imitation "just as good."

Send for circular to
SAM'L A. FOWLE, Proprietor,
Arlington, Mass.

BASS POINT, NAHANT.

Concerts Afternoon and Evening by

Lafricain's Naval Brigade Band.

Boston's Favorite Seashore Resort.

Grand Harbor Trip.

Best Fish Dinners.

Every Attraction for thorough enjoyment

Steamers leave Lincoln Wharf, Commercial St., (Weather permitting)

For BASS POINT.—9.30, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.20, 3.30, 4.00, 6.30, 8.15 p. m.

Return.—10.30 a. m., 12m., 3.45, 5.15, 7.00, 9.20 p. m.

For NAHANT.—9.30, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.20, 3.30, 5.00, 6.30 p. m.

Return.—8.00, 11.00 a. m., 12.15, 2.10, 3.25, 4.35, 6.00 p. m.

Except Sundays.

FARE, 25c. CHILDREN, 15c.

Tsks Ferry Cars. Special Rates to Parties.
A. P. LANE, N. E. Agt., 201 Washington St., Boston.

SPECIAL RATES —TO— Chautauqua & Return \$14.20

For the Round Trip during July and August, 1898.

For Tickets, sleeping car accommodation, and other information apply to

O. W. JORDAN,

N. E. Passenger Agent, Erie R. R.,
268 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH ARCHITECT

THOMAS. W. SILLOWAY

10 Park Square, Boston
Mr. Silloway has built or remodeled over 400 churches and makes remodeling a specialty.

Coax the Liver

Don't drive it. Harsh purgatives harm more than they help.

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient is a sparkling, effervescent remedy that relieves by gentle means; cures headache, biliousness and indigestion.



Sold by druggists for 50 years.
50 cts. and \$1.00

Zion's Herald

Volume LXXVI

Boston, Wednesday, August 3, 1898

Number 31

Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

A. S. WEED, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

A Revenue Producer

The results of the War Revenue bill are most gratifying. Only about \$100,000,000 was expected from this source when the bill was first formulated; not more than \$200,000,000 was ever hoped for; but if the returns for the month of July are reliable, there is no estimating what the total annual revenue will be. Many of the items of the bill have not yet begun to produce anything like the amount that will come later, and the ablest statisticians and political economists have little to guide them in their estimates. The country has changed so much since the time when we depended largely on internal revenue to meet our expenses, that all estimates are little better than guesses. If it be true, as reported, that the total amount received during the month of July was at the rate of \$1,500,000 a day, the expense of collection ought not to be so great as not to leave a very handsome sum to the credit of the Government. Estimates of \$550,000,000 per annum are undoubtedly much too high, but in the opinion of some who have looked into the subject, an estimate of a million dollars a day is not extravagant.

Fast Battleships

The splendid performance of the Oregon in the battle of July 3 was due very largely to her speed qualities. But for her speed it is quite likely the Cristobal Colon would have escaped. Speed is quite as important as armor. This was shown by the effective work of the Brooklyn. Congress at its last session appropriated the money for three new battleships. In advertising for proposals to build them the Department specified that they should make 15 or 16 knots. So much pressure has been brought to bear in favor of ships to make at least two knots more than that, that the Department has now issued a circular stating that in awarding contracts for the new ships preference will be given, other things being equal, to those guaranteeing the highest rate of speed and the greatest coal endurance. Of course the total weights of engines, boilers and coal must be the same as previously specified. This affords the best opportunity yet offered the American shipbuilder. By bringing his science, experience and in-

genulty into play, he will be able to improve our men-of-war to such an extent that after Europe has done its best they will still take the lead. It was a great disappointment when the rate of speed was fixed at 15 or 16 knots, and the more especially because the Cramps are now building an 18-knot battleship for Russia. The bids for the new ships will be anxiously awaited. It is confidently expected they will guarantee at least 18 knots, and possibly more.

About Porto Rico

In many respects Porto Rico is the most desirable of all the West India islands. Its climate is hot, but it is not unhealthy. The yellow fever has never obtained a foothold. Its soil is rich, its people are enterprising, and its progressive spirit is seen in the excellent roads which lead to all the principal centres. It is one of the few countries in tropical America where the whites outnumber those of other races. There are about 800,000 inhabitants and nearly two-thirds of them are white. The area of the island is about 3,750 square miles; only about one-thirteenth the size of Cuba, and yet it contains more than half as many inhabitants. The coffee and sugar plantations are well cultivated, and the products of these, with good crops of tobacco, and plenty of honey and wax, have enriched the inhabitants. Rich in natural blessings, with beautiful scenery, excellent harbors, and clean and thrifty cities, Porto Rico has everything to recommend it to our favor. The city and port of Ponce, which welcomed the American army and navy, have a large and thriving trade. The city itself is two or three miles from the port and contains a population of about 37,500. The capital is San Juan, with a population of about 25,000. Because Spain has treated Porto Rico so much better than she ever treated Cuba, it was a surprise to her that its inhabitants should have received the Americans with open arms when they first landed. Spain has kept her heavy hand off this island and has allowed the inhabitants to manage their own internal affairs very largely. We have a flourishing trade with the chief ports and there is room for a large increase.

Asking for Terms of Peace

The French Ambassador, acting for the Queen Regent of Spain, presented a note to the President asking for terms of peace, on Tuesday afternoon of last week. The note was received with immense satisfaction by the people of the United States. It is the first official communication we have had with Spain since our demand that she evacuate Cuba, and it is her first acknowledgment

that she is waging a hopeless contest. In thus making a direct appeal to the United States, instead of asking the intervention of the European powers, she has placed herself in a favorable attitude and has shown her appreciation of the magnanimity of her enemy. Her choice of a representative was also a most fortunate one. M. Cambon is an able and accomplished diplomat. France is bound to this country by many sympathies, and looks to us for an example of what a great republic ought to be. She has also peculiarly strong interests in the welfare of Spain. The fact that she holds Spanish bonds to the amount of \$400,000,000, and that every day added to the length of the war reduces the value of the bonds, gives promise that France will not allow her ambassador to do anything that will prolong the war. For these, and other cogent reasons, M. Cambon may safely be trusted to protect the best interests of Spain, while at the same time recognizing the fact that the war has brought unlooked-for responsibilities to the United States which she cannot easily transfer and must not abandon.

The President's Reply

The President replied to the questions of the Queen Regent on Saturday. The Cabinet spent several days in discussing the terms to be named, and then Ambassador Cambon was summoned to the White House. It is reported that he presented credentials as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the Spanish Government, and that he had full instructions as to the course to pursue, but this is doubtful. After a long and eventful conference the French Ambassador received the reply of President McKinley, and, as soon as it could be reduced to the cable cipher, forwarded it to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid. Immediately after he left the White House it was officially announced that the reply of the United States had been handed to M. Cambon, as Spain's representative, but that it would not be proper to make it public before Spain had received it. We shall soon learn whether Spain really wants peace, or whether she is trying to shift the field of action from war to diplomacy, or whether she is posing as an oppressed nation.

State Pay for Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors

The General Court authorized the State Treasurer to pay \$7 per month to "each non-commissioned officer, soldier, sailor or marine who has been or is hereafter mustered into the military or naval service of the United States during the present war." This applies alike to volunteers and regulars. The whole, or any

part of the sum, may be allotted to their families, and in the event of the death of the soldier or sailor the monthly allowance will be continued for six months. This is generous and timely. Arrangements are nearly perfected for paying out the money to all those entitled to it. During the Civil War Massachusetts promptly arranged State pay and State aid for those who went to the front, and she has set a good example to other States.

Not Silver, Not Gold, but Coal

Emerson spoke of coal as a portable climate; a recent writer calls it the concentrated essence of power. Gold excites an interest more intense, and silver is much more highly esteemed, but the destiny of nations will be shaped more largely by coal than by gold and silver. The commerce of the world is coal-borne, and the industries of the world are more and more largely dependent on coal. Nations may be rich in deposits of gold and silver and still not be able to keep up with the pace that will be set by nations that have inexhaustible stores of coal. Twelve years ago the United States produced 99,000,000 tons of coal, and Great Britain produced 159,000,000. Last year the coal output of the United States rose to 178,000,000 tons, and that of Great Britain to 202,000,000 tons. At the present rate of increase, and with the continuation of the strike in South Wales, the United States will probably very soon take the supremacy in coal production. It is remarked, too, that the cost of production in the United States is less than in any country in the world except India, which produces less than five million tons. The establishing of coaling stations at remote points, on the lines of commercial traffic, will not only afford us means of providing our own ships with coal, but will open the best of markets for the product of our coal mines.

The Rapidity of Thought

There are yet many difficulties to be overcome in order to ascertain exactly the amount of time necessary for realizing physical sensations and mental impressions, but some very interesting facts have recently been discovered by Prof. Richet. Using a small hammer and gently tapping the skin, he found that it was possible to detect the blows up to 1,000 per second. Beyond that number the sensation was the same as continuous pressure. It seems that minute sounds at small intervals can be distinguished much better with one ear than with two. This explains why people instinctively incline their heads when they are intently listening. The sound of an electric spark was detected up to 500 per second when using only one ear, but when two were used less than half that number could be distinguished. The eye is no match for the ear in matters requiring strict attention at minute intervals. The eye will fail to distinguish the colors on a disk half black and half white if it makes more than twenty-four revolutions per second; the colors will run together, and the whole disk will appear gray. The ear is

able to catch sixty clicks in a second when produced by a revolving wheel. We hear very much more rapidly than we count. If a clock is making more than ten ticks per second, we can count four; but if it makes twenty, we can count but two.

Building and Loan Associations

There was a meeting of representatives of some of the principal Building and Loan Associations last week, at Omaha. It is something of a surprise to hear that these Associations have in capital, surplus and assets a grand total of over \$600,000,000. The chartered banks of the country had in capital and surplus only \$900,000,000 in 1897. There is no doubt but that these Associations have enabled many thousands of young men without credit to obtain homes of their own. It is for this reason that they are popular with the people at large. Every year shows an increase. Every year shows improvements in administration and in legal protection. Many of the organizations of this kind have been open and unqualified swindles; many others have been run to ruin by professional wreckers, and want of experience has entailed many unnecessary losses; but in spite of all that, the reports show an increase in aggregate assets, as compared with last year, amounting to \$2,741,342. The Associations in Philadelphia—the "City of Homes"—increased their valuation last year by \$4,706,771. The war has thus far had very little effect on them. The whole number in the United States is 4,872, with a membership of 1,842,179.

The English Parcels Post

The English Inland Parcels Post has been in successful operation fifteen years. It is an unqualified success. The rates are proportioned to the weight of the package. Any package not exceeding one pound is carried from one end of the United Kingdom to the other for six cents; two pounds are carried for eight cents; three pounds for ten cents; and so on up to the limit of eleven pounds, on which the postage is twenty-four cents. The only exception in the limit of weight is made to the publishers of newspapers, who are allowed to send larger packages to the news agents. The reports show that 60,000,000 packages are carried every year, and that the post-office makes a substantial profit even at this low rate. The maximum of convenience at the minimum of expense is claimed for this arrangement. Almost anything can be sent, if properly packed and distinctly marked. Fresh eggs are sent in large quantities, and fragile goods go more safely by this means than any other. It has been found, too, that the railways are not the cheapest means of transportation. Well equipped coaches and vans now run every night from London to Brighton, a distance of sixty miles, and the quiet country roads rejoice to hear again the clatter of hoofs of the splendid four-horse teams that are used for the parcels post. The coaching service increases every year, at the expense of the railways and to the profit of the post-office. Two years after the inauguration of the Inland

Parcels Post, the system was extended to several foreign countries and to the colonies, and 2,000,000 packages were carried last year. The United States alone of all the large countries in the Postal Union is not included, because of the opposition of the express companies, although we have made arrangements to send and receive matter by parcels post with several foreign places. The result is that one can send an eleven-pound package to some of the West India ports cheaper than he can send a four-pound package from Boston to New York. It is hoped that the Congressional Committee now investigating post-office affairs will give its attention to the Parcels Post.

The "Cuban Debt"

It has been suggested that some consideration is due Spain on account of what is called a "Cuban Debt." It is true that Spain has paid out large sums of money on account of Cuba, but Cuba has had no benefit. There is almost nothing on the whole island worthy the name of public improvements. While Cuba has been taxed to the utmost limit and then robbed, she has had nothing to say as to the use to be made of the money. It has gone to enrich corrupt officials and has been squandered in attempts to put down insurrections begotten of misrule. More than half the fruitful island is a desolation, and her people starve in the midst of plenty. An American, who claims to know, declares that while Weyler was Governor-General of Cuba he deposited \$4,000,000 to his private account in the Bank of France. All the paying offices in the island are filled by Spaniards who have but one object—to get the most money in the least time. To hold an island so wretchedly governed has cost millions of dollars, but the fault is Spain's and the debt is of her own making. Spain has an enormous debt, but we are not called upon to pay any part of it, neither is Cuba. It is true that we paid Mexico \$15,000,000, but that was "in consideration of the extension of the boundaries of the United States," and not because either Texas or California was liable for Mexico's debt. All attempts to saddle the debt of Spain incurred in misgoverning Cuba either on Cuba herself or on the United States as her "next of kin," will assuredly fail, as they richly deserve to fail.

Coronium

Professor Nasini of Padua claims to have discovered coronium, which up to this time has been theoretically accepted as one of the constituent elements of the sun. In the solar spectrum the coronal line known as 1474K has been a mystery because nothing has been known of the substance which produces it. The Professor was naturally very much elated while investigating the gases of some of the Italian volcanoes to discover in the spectrum a bright line with the wave length corresponding to that of the coronal 1474K. It is the first time the line has ever been seen anywhere in nature except in the corona. This discovery goes a long way towards confirming the results of the spectro-

scopic examination of the sun, and it also furnishes additional evidence of the substantial identity of the elements entering into the constitution of the sun and the earth. As there are several lines in the spectra of volcanic gases not yet accounted for, it is probable that coronium will be found associated with other gases not yet identified.

The Alchemist Once More

Some months ago there came to Boston a schemer, a Baptist minister, named P. F. Jernegan, with a fairy tale to the effect that in a vision he had seen how to extract gold from sea water at an expense so small that tons and tons of gold might be piled along the New England coast at short notice. Of course people believed him. There is no limit to human credulity when an opportunity to be humbugged is presented. In a very short time this captivating swindler with an uncommon name and an unusual faculty for enabling sane people to part with their senses, had demonstrated his marvelous ability to extract good money from the pockets of shrewd business men and women. He is now reported in Paris with \$300,000 worth of government bonds, and there are the usual walling and signs of distress. It is true, that he gave out that he was going abroad to buy improved machinery, but the present price of stock in the company which he formed indicates that the gullible stockholders have grave doubts about that. The town of Lubec, Maine, was selected for the plant of the Electrolytic Marine Salts Company, and the most extensive and elaborate preparations were made for extracting gold. The most incredulous skeptic, when he saw the thoroughness of the preparations, was ashamed of his skepticism, and, converted himself, speedily converted his dollars into printed certificates of stock of the Company. Money was borrowed, farms were mortgaged, in the country towns; careful men of business parted with good paying investments in the cities; all to make haste to the offices of the Company. "Gold bricks" are usually offered for sale to farmers and people of the backwoods, but when it comes to solid tons of gold only waiting for a few thousand dollars to land them for the benefit of the investor, one must seek the city, where there is plenty of money always in readiness for the expert swindler—more especially if he be a man who writes "Rev." before his name.

The War News of a Week

The most important item of news is the receipt of a communication from the Queen Regent of Spain asking for the terms of peace. Just what conditions were named is not yet known, the President having very properly refused to give them to the public until they were known to Spain. It is agreed on all sides that this marks the beginning of the end.

The most important military event is the invasion of Porto Rico by Gen. Miles. Up to this time it has been more like an army coming to its own than like an army moving against an enemy. Contrary to the general expectations, the landing was not made near San Juan,

but at Guanica, almost diagonally across the island and distant nearly seventy-five miles. A landing was effected without the loss of a single life on our side and with only four men wounded. Captain Davis of the auxiliary cruiser Dixie demanded the surrender of the port and city of Ponce, and his demand was complied with in a few hours. The Americans were received with undisguised signs of joy. It is hardly possible to realize the fact that this island, so long regarded as thoroughly loyal to Spain and treated by that country with distinguished consideration, should have been so eager to surrender everything into our hands. The Spanish soldiers are massing at San Juan, and they are capable of maintaining a good defense of that port. Gen. Brooke landed on Monday from Hampton Roads with 5,340 officers and men. When all the troops now on the way shall have reached Porto Rico Gen. Miles will have more than 20,000 soldiers under his command. This is probably more than the Spanish will be able to assemble at San Juan by at least one-third. Gen. Miles has issued a proclamation in harmony with the President's proclamation in regard to Cuba. The civil administration is not disturbed, except so far as may be necessary to bring it under the control of Gen. Wilson, who has been appointed military governor.

Hawaii has heard the news of annexation and has given herself up to holiday-making and celebrating. Admiral Miller sailed from San Francisco in the Philadelphia on Wednesday, July 27, for Honolulu. On his arrival the Stars and Stripes will once more be raised, and this time it will mark the official annexation of the islands. The President has not yet appointed a governor. It is said that considerable pressure is being brought to bear in favor of Mr. Harold Sewall, but the friends of President Dole may justly claim that he is the logical candidate, and that to set him aside would show very little appreciation of his efforts in behalf of annexation. A regiment of soldiers is on its way to Honolulu to represent the army and establish a military post.

There is very little change in Cuba. The threatened epidemic of yellow fever has occasioned much anxiety, and prompt and, it is hoped, adequate preventive measures have been taken. Many of the sick have been sent North; the troops have been kept away from the seacoast as much as possible; and up to this time the fever has been of a mild type. The type is likely to be more severe in August and September, and this affords an additional reason for the most vigorous measures.

A large fleet of men-of-war, transports, hospital ships and merchantmen is assembled in the capacious harbor of Guantanamo. The men-of-war are being overhauled as far as this is possible with the limited means at hand. The repair ship Vulcan is proving herself indispensable, and has already won for herself a permanent place in the Navy. It is not likely that we shall ever consent to be without such a vessel as long as we use steel for ship-building. The

Texas has come North to go in dock and make repairs that could not be made at Guantanamo. Other ships will follow soon. It is probable that all of them will be sent to Northern yards during the next two months, a few at a time.

Santiago is quiet as a whole, but reported somewhat restive under the sanitary measures of Gen. Wood, the military governor. Trade is demoralized on account of the lack of money and the uncertainty about the final adjustment of the tariff. An investigation of the local prisons and jails shows the rankest neglect to administer justice, but the new government will soon substitute a better order of things.

The official reports of the destruction of Cervera's ships have been published during the week, but they have added little to what has already been given to the public. The naval fight will hereafter be known as the Battle of July Third. Wrecking companies are at work on the sunken Spanish ships, and it is confidently expected that the Maria Teresa will one day be again put in commission as a man-of-war, this time with the Stars and Stripes floating over her. Naval Constructor Hobson made a visit to the United States to secure pontoons and other aids for raising the Cristobal Colon, and will sail from Tampa on Thursday. Should the weather continue favorable, it is hoped that this splendid ship may also be added to our Navy.

The most uneasiness is to be found in the condition of affairs at Manila. Admiral Dewey showed the strong power of his character in holding the insurgents in check for nearly three months. Gen. Merritt, the military governor, sailed from San Francisco in the transport steamer Newport on the 29th of June, and reached Manila on the 25th of July. On his arrival the Concord escorted the Newport to her anchorage near the Charlestown. Gen. Merritt went on board the Olympia, and after a conference with Admiral Dewey, was saluted with thirteen guns on assuming command of the Department of the Pacific. He established his headquarters at Cavite, and will await the arrival of the 8,000 men now on their way to reinforce him. He telegraphs that the condition is a serious one, and that more troops will be needed. The insurgents surround the city in large numbers, flushed with victory, and promise to be very difficult to manage. Gen. Augustin, the Spanish commander-in-chief, is apparently ready to surrender to the Americans, but he ignores the insurgents altogether. To guard all the Spanish prisoners that will fall into our hands by the surrender of Manila and maintain order among the insurgents will require at least three times the force of 20,000 which has been detailed to Gen. Merritt's command. The difficulties attending the treaty of peace with Spain are not in Porto Rico, nor yet in Cuba, but in these far-away islands for whose rule a strong hand will be needed for many years to come. As Spain is without a navy, it is difficult to see how she can be expected to control the islands, and as we are likely to find ourselves the responsible power, it is hard to see how we can give them up.

BISMARCK

BISMARCK died at 11 o'clock on July 30. On Sunday morning, June 18, 1815, when the guns of Waterloo, though inaudible, were making the seaboard of England across the waters of the Channel tremble, a gardener in Kent called the attention of the clergyman who employed him to the crumbling and falling of the dry loam where his spade had smoothly cut the soil the day before, and, referring to the anticipated conflict in Belgium, remarked, "Look there, sir; they are at it sure enough!" The artillery shocks that disturbed the garden loam in Kent must also have caused some slight vibration of the cradle in the old manor of Schönhausen in Magdeburg where lay the little Otto Edward Leopold Bismarck, scarcely eleven weeks old. Already at the very moment when the Prussian forces under Blücher were toiling slowly through the mud of the Belgian roads in the hope of affording timely and effectual aid to Wellington in his effort to check the march of Napoleon on Brussels, there had been born that powerful personality which was destined to overthrow the empire of a third Napoleon, humble the pride of France for more than a quarter of a century, and unite the German peoples which France had done so much to disintegrate and cripple.

From the first Bismarck sought renown, not where many of his noble ancestors for more than five centuries had secured it—in military leadership and achievement—but in the nobler and more enviable sphere of statecraft and diplomacy. With this choice in view he studied political science and jurisprudence first at Göttingen in 1832, and later at Berlin University in 1833, and was duly admitted to the Prussian bar in 1835. In 1847 he was present as district representative of the nobility at the first united Diet at Berlin, and in 1848 took a prominent part in the organization and deliberations of the gathering of the rural nobility which has passed into history as the Junker Parliament, showing himself at this early stage of his development an eloquent and tactful exponent of liberal ideas. Later—1849-'50—he attracted attention by unfolding those life-long and cherished political principles which constitute his truest claim to renown as a statesman, pleading for the development of the monarchical power and prerogative and the consolidation of the nationality of the German-speaking peoples, always with a single eye to the supremacy of Prussia. Showing at the Germanic Diet at Frankfort (1851), which he attended as Prussian ambassador, an unfriendly attitude towards Austria which threatened to embarrass the Prussian ministry, he was transferred to St. Petersburg, where he represented the Prussian Court till 1862, cementing the friendly feeling between the two neighboring countries. A short diplomatic mission to Paris followed, at the end of which he became chief of the Prussian administration and began to give practical effect to his views of foreign policy. He urged the reform and increase of the army and the strengthening of the royal prerogative, and secured the aid of Austria in tearing

Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark in 1864. Later, in 1866, he took advantage of an alliance with Italy to break the power of Austria at Sadowa and obtain for Prussia by the treaty of Prague (Aug. 23) the exclusive possession of the territory wrested from Denmark. No wonder that, having made Prussia the keystone of the North German confederation and placed the Prussian army for equipment, efficiency and achievement in the front rank of the military forces of Europe, he became the idol of the German people. His popularity was still further enhanced by the subsequent annexation to Prussia of Hanover, Hesse, Cassel-Nassau and Frankfort, and by the treaty of London on the affair of Luxemburg in 1869, which for the time staved off war with France. At these successes of the astute and indomitable Prussian France naturally grew uneasy and fretful, but when she attempted to effect an alliance with Austria the ubiquitous and unslumbering diplomatist once more played marplot on her cherished plans.

Then came the notable episode at Ems. By a clever stroke of statecraft one Hohenzollern prince had already ascended the throne of Roumania. It was now proposed to place in the hands of another the sceptre of Spain, and the haughty but incompetent nephew of the hero of Marengo, Wagram and Austerlitz thought it proper to call a halt. Anger is naturally unceremonious and uncivil, but the bad manners of the French ambassador in demanding an important diplomatic answer from William, the Prussian king, on the public promenade at Ems, cannot be defended or condoned.

The result was unforeseen, unapprehended. It kindled a flame which was not stayed till it placed the second empire in ruins; and though from the ashes the phoenix of republican France immediately arose, the relative strength and influence of the two nations in shaping the counsels and the destiny of Europe had permanently changed. Germany, hitherto a confederation of small and insignificant kingdoms, principalities and duchies, was to become under the molding hand and masterly leadership of Bismarck a solid and powerful unit. Not in vain had the splendidly equipped and thoroughly disciplined armies of the Fatherland crossed the Rhine, demanded the surrender of the strongly fortified old city of Strasburg, captured Metz, witnessed the memorable scene at Sedan, and sent the emperor of France a prisoner of war to Wilhelmshöhe. Not in vain had Moltke tightened his relentless grip on the slender throat of Paris. These rapidly succeeding scenes in a drama which had already riveted the attention of the civilized world could not be enacted without cost to somebody. Some one must be greatly greater for them, and some one must be greatly less. Bismarck was never doubtful as to the issue. Germany was to complete and crown her triumph over France by the creation of a united empire. Accepting the popular proposal of Ludwig II. of Bavaria, a deputation of German princes waited upon the king and offered him the imperial crown. And "there in that stately mansion of Versailles and in that

famous 'hall of mirrors' where the great Louis had loved to entertain the celebrities of Europe and display the splendors of his reign; where Marie Antoinette had led and charmed the fashionable world of her day; from whose balconies, as she stood there one fateful morning, with the royal children at her side, she had heard the first fierce growl of revolution from the throats of the thousands of hungry and exasperated Parisian workingmen who filled the palace-yard—there, in that historic structure, William I. of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany on Jan. 18, 1871. The culmination of the glory and power of the Fatherland was coincident with the humiliation, dismemberment and ruin of her hereditary foe." Bismarck's life-dream was realized, his great work was done. His splendid services were rewarded with the rank of prince and the chancellorship of the United Empire.

Yet not at once did Bismarck disappear from the exciting scenes of European politics. He watched the sharp and bloody conflict between the Muscovite and the Turk, and when Plevna fell, in 1877, invited the plenipotentiaries of Europe to Berlin and offered them his suggestions in rearranging the political map of Europe. His policy was equally vigorous and resolute whether he restrained the arrogance of the papacy, expelled the Jesuits, dealt decisive blows at socialism, or matured his military plans by which he made the German nation a formidable camp of armed men spoiling for a fight with her neighbors.

After the death of the aged Emperor Bismarck's influence perceptibly waned. Finally discovering a marked incongruity of temper between himself and the somewhat rash young ruler who succeeded to the German sceptre after the brief but pathetic reign of his father Frederick, he retired to his estate at Frederickruhe whence he watched with various feelings until his death the interesting game of European diplomacy in which he had once played so large and so decisive a part.

Has Come to His Throne

UPON the strength of the very confident assurance of a representative Wesleyan minister of London, we gave currency to the prophecy he made some weeks ago that Hugh Price Hughes would be elected as the next President of the Wesleyan Conference. But having watched Mr. Hughes' career closely for some years, knowing well how thorough a radical he is and how profoundly the more conventional men among his colleagues had distrusted him in the past as unsafe and reckless in leadership, we have to confess that we lacked confidence in the probable fulfillment of that prophecy. Certainly we were not prepared for the announcement of the almost unparalleled majority which attended his election. The *Christian Commonwealth*, in giving the vote, says: "In the election of the new President, Rev. H. Price Hughes received 369 votes, Rev. F. W. Macdonald 83, and Rev. Thos. Allen 31. The announcement was received with tremendous cheering, amid a scene scarcely paralleled in Conference proceedings."

Mr. Hughes is the Gilbert Haven of the Wesleyan Conference. He is a radical of radicals, the leader in a multitude of reforms and philanthropic enterprises, utterly fear-

less and declaring the naked truth about all men, no matter how highly exalted in social and ecclesiastical life. He has been the leader in the "Forward Movement" for years, and has stood as the incarnation of aggressive, scholarly and old-time spiritual and revival evangelicalism. His sincerity, unselfishness and heroic effort no one has ever doubted; but, as many felt about Gilbert Haven before his election to the highest office in the church, it was seriously and sincerely questioned by good men and true



REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES

whether he possessed the balance and the equilibrium that would make it safe to elevate him to the chief office in the gift of the Wesleyan Conference.

We rejoice in his election, and believe, as was so significantly shown by Bishop Haven, that he will make a judicious and inspiring President. We are confident that his election marks a forward movement in the mother church. As he goes about his large diocese, he will infuse his own ardent spirit and unconquerable faith into his colleagues. He will kindle new revival fires in the churches. We group some well-known facts concerning his life and career which appear in the *Christian Commonwealth* : —

"Rev. H. Price Hughes, M. A., was born at Carnarvon in 1847, so that his election to the highest office in the church of his choice in his fifty-second year places him among the youngest of Presidents. He was converted when a boy at school at Mumbles, near Swansea. In very graphic style Mr. Hughes is wont to tell the thrilling story of how the mystic change was wrought in the Welsh boy, and his appeals to the unconverted are made all the more pointed and powerful by the living memory of his own experience.

"His call to the ministry was communicated to his father in laconic style: 'My dear father, I have made up my mind that I should like to be a Methodist preacher.' The father's reply was, 'My dear son, I would rather that you should be a Methodist preacher than Lord Chancellor.' It should be stated that young Hughes was originally intended for the bar.

"Eventually, Mr. Price Hughes was accepted as a candidate for the ministry, and spent four years at Richmond College, where he came under the influence of the revered Dr. Moulton. He graduated at the London University as B. A. and M. A., with honors.

"Mr. Hughes' ministerial career began at Dover, where under his first sermon a wondrous influence went forth, and twenty persons professed conversion. This event proved a turning-point of his career, and the cultured scholar henceforth was a fervid evangelist as well. His public life and work since then are too well known to need any long description. Wherever Methodism is known Mr. Hughes is looked upon as the leader of the Forwards in the Methodist Church. His fiery eloquence, his matchless

debating power, his ripe scholarship, his evangelical fervor, combine to make him a man of whom any church may well be proud."

The following from the editorial columns of the *Christian World* (London), received since the above was put in type, is an interesting confirmation of the views which we have expressed: "The election by an immense majority of Rev. Hugh Price Hughes as President of the Wesleyan Conference will be a very popular event both within Methodism and beyond it. Mr. Hughes has earned his position by splendid and unstinted service to his church; and the year of his occupancy of the chair will, we have no doubt, bear in Methodist history the stamp of his aggressive enthusiasm and administrative ability. There is at the same time something piquant and suggestive in the spectacle of this whilom *enfant terrible* of the Conference now throned in its seat of authority. The revolutionist is on the treasury bench. That is the way of revolutionists when they are strong enough."

PERSONALS

— Rev. Dr. S. L. Baldwin was granted a personal interview by Li Hung Chang, on his recent visit to China.

— Bishop Foss called at this office last week. He was on his way to Nova Scotia, accompanied by his wife and daughter.

— General Merritt, the new governor-general of the Philippines, is said to be a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

— Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson will visit England this summer to participate in the Keswick Convention and other noted religious meetings.

— Bishop Candler has been elected president of the Epworth League Board of Control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South — a very wise selection.

— Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, the venerable and greatly venerated and beloved clergyman of Richmond, now eighty years old, has been seriously ill, but is somewhat better.

— We are happy to announce that Mrs. Howard, of Auburndale, wife of the late Rev. A. K. Howard, who has been seriously ill for some days, is in a hopeful state of convalescence.

— The son of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, a surgeon in Washington, was one of the first to offer his services to the Government in this war and has been working since the first of June at Fort McPherson, Georgia.

— At its recent commencement Yale University conferred the degree of LL. D. upon Hon. Charles Andrews, brother of Bishop Andrews, who was retired last year by the age limit as Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York.

— Rev. S. Hamilton Day, D. D., pastor of Grace Church, St. Augustine, Fla., has been engaged to preach in Nostrand Ave. Church, Brooklyn, August 7, in the absence of the pastor, Dr. Willey. Dr. Day may visit New England friends while North.

— The *Christian Uplook* of Buffalo observes: "Portville is the ancestral home of Mrs. Bishop Vincent, and here the Bishop and his wife come for their vacations, and here they have selected their last resting place when the labors of the earthly life are over."

— The Naval Hospital in Brooklyn gave a farewell testimonial dinner Saturday night to Miss Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy; Miss Austin, daughter of former Governor Austin of Minnesota; and Miss Simis, daughter of Charities Commissioner Simis of Brooklyn. These young women have worked day and night since May 1 in

behalf of the wounded soldiers and sailors of the hospital. They are to resume their medical studies at Johns Hopkins University.

— Bishop Walden presided at the Italy Conference at Turin, May 25, and the vote on the Rock River proposition stood 19 in favor and none against.

— Mrs. W. N. Brodbeck and the children are spending the summer at Green Lodge, thanks to the great kindness of Mr. George F. Washburn, who was so close and devoted a friend to Dr. Brodbeck. We regret that we are unable to announce any marked improvement in Mrs. Brodbeck's health.

— Rev. John Parker writes from Plymouth, N. H., under date of July 29: "I hope to leave here for Ocean Grove, N. J., early the coming week. Have been laid up here with a severe attack of sciatica during nearly ten months. Am not well, but so far improved as to venture the effort to get towards home."

— Col. M. P. C. Withers, of Bangor, Maine, passed away at his home, July 20, in the 82d year of his age. On Friday, the 29th inst., his wife, Lucinda L., daughter of the late Rev. Oliver Beale, of the Maine Conference, was also released, in her 84th year. They had been married fifty-five years, and the whole of this time they were identified with the interests of First Church, Bangor.

— The *Springfield Republican* observes: "A man's fame reaches his birthplace without any unnecessary delay. The old house in Niles, Mich., wherein Gen. Shafter was born, is now being sold by the shingle and the splinter to souvenir hunters. According to the shingle quotations, the General ranks, in Michigan, with Wellington, Napoleon, Grant and Alger as a military genius."

— Rev. H. D. Deetz, of Newport, N. H., is supplying St. Paul's Church, Lynn, for four weeks very acceptably to the congregation. Mr. and Mrs. Deetz, at the request of Dr. and Mrs. T. Corwin Watkins, are occupying the parsonage of this church. As Dr. Watkins has a summer home in Newport, he is supplying for four weeks the Methodist Church in that place, making a very agreeable exchange to all persons in interest.

— Commodore Schley not only possesses the unique qualities which make him a great naval commander — without a rival, perhaps, in alertness, nerve and dash among a corps of remarkable naval captains — but he shows consideration for the honorable repute of others which marks him as a man of noble mold. Could anything be finer than this sentence in his report of the victory over Cervera? "I congratulate you most sincerely upon this great victory of the squadron under your command, and I am glad that I had an opportunity to contribute in the least to a victory that seems big enough for us all."

BRIEFLETS

President Bashford says: "Partly through the influence of Oberlin and the Ohio Wesleyan, and wholly through the warmth of sacred fire, Ohio has sent forth more men and women to evangelize the world than probably any other State in the Union."

The Baptists have two theological seminaries — Newton and Louisville — and three colleges — Brown, Colgate and Rochester — looking for presidents. The Congregationalists have Oberlin, Amherst and Marietta engaged in the same quest.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott delivers a week-day evening lecture. After it those present are at liberty to ask questions. The question was put to Dr. Abbott: "Do you believe in miracles?" The answer was, "Yes, I do." The succeeding question was: "Will you give us an example of what you regard as a

miracle?" The instant reply was: "The recent victories of our fleets at Manila and at Santiago, resulting in the destruction of the Spanish fleets, with a loss on our side of only one man killed and less than twenty wounded."

Methodists in Nova Scotia are congratulating themselves that they are to see and hear Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., at their camp meeting at Berwick, which begins Aug. 5.

There were 163 baptisms less last year in the British Baptist denomination than the year before. So the "tables" presented at the London May meetings said.

Many people in London are wearing the Anglo-American Alliance badge, which consists of a white enamel design bearing the two national flags crossed, with a lion and an eagle on guard. Around them is the legend: "Invulnerable in war, triumphant in peace — one tongue, one purpose."

The friends of Rev. Mark Trafton, D. D., took note of his 88th birthday, which occurred upon August 1. A goodly number called upon him at his pleasant home, 20 Chester St., West Somerville, and he was the recipient of many affectionate letters. He is in very comfortable health.

Will not some young lady volunteer to play the piano for the Morgan Chapel Vacation School one forenoon of each week during August? The young ladies of the First Church, Somerville, have enjoyed performing this service during July. Car fares will be paid. Here is a chance to walk in His steps and do something for His poor. Write the pastor, Rev. E. J. Helms, at Morgan Chapel, Boston.

The Appellate Court has handed down an opinion in which it is held that Christian Scientists are not medical practitioners in the legal sense of the term. Under this decision a Christian Scientist, so called, is debarred from the legal collection of a bill for medical services.

On our cover this week we present an excellent portrait of the late Rev. David Sutherland, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., a notice of whose death has already appeared in our columns. In connection with this portrait we very much desired to publish one of his sermons; but upon application to Mrs. Sutherland for a manuscript we were informed that it was not his habit to write his sermons in advance, but after he had preached he often wrote out the salient points of the discourse as contributions for the religious press. The article which appears on page 971 was found among his papers, divided into two sections. This as nearly approaches a sermon as anything which can be secured from the gifted pen which has been laid aside forever.

The helpful work which is being done by the Y. M. C. Associations of Massachusetts and Rhode Island in providing tents furnished with reading matter, games, correspondence facilities, etc., in various camps, and in conducting religious services among our soldiers, cannot be too warmly praised or too strongly supported. Dollars contributed to this admirable cause (they can be sent to Mr. F. O. Winslow, treasurer, 167 Tremont St., Boston) will accomplish incalculable good in aiding our young men who are subjected to the abnormal and demoralizing conditions of military life to be loyal to faith and principle. Money, as well as prayer, is needed for those who have nobly volunteered to fight our battles as well as their own.

The first bale of new cotton, presented to President McKinley by H. & B. Beer, of New Orleans, for the benefit of the United States hospital fund, was sold in New York for \$500, the purchaser being President W. V. King, of the Cotton Exchange.

While this war is bad enough anyway, it may be very remote to many people. To those, however, who have sons, husbands and fathers in the thick of the deadly strife, the war is terribly near. This fact was brought vividly to our attention one day last week. A woman entered an electric car at Somerville to ride into Boston. Buying a daily paper, she read for a few seconds when she fell forward in a swoon. The car was stopped and she was borne into the nearest house, which happened to be our own. As she gradually recovered consciousness she explained that she had read in the paper of the death of her only son, who belonged to the Sixth Massachusetts — a bright and very promising young man who had graduated from the high school this spring, the only comfort, stay and hope of a widowed mother. In the shadow of such personal sorrow, any indication of an early peace comes like a message from heaven. We have had war enough.

Has not the time fully come to consign to oblivion the formal addresses of welcome and response with which philanthropic and reformatory conventions and religious assemblies have been opened from time immemorial? So far as we know these addresses are interesting to no one, but are usually a great bore and weariness to mind and body. Often they degenerate into the most inane platitudes and insincere professions, and for the lack of something to say, many who have this perfunctory duty to perform even attempt to be witty, and this, perhaps, is the last straw. Such talk reminds one of the echoing murmur which moving machinery makes when once the power which started it in its revolutions is withdrawn. Let us be done with this senseless conventionalism — an inheritance of a formal and official age. Our good sisters in the church, who are especially devoted to traditional customs, greatly overwork this practice. If a W. F. M. S. or a W. H. M. S. meeting is to be held anywhere, no matter how meagre the audience, the stereotyped addresses of welcome and response must perforce be given. There is no longer any life in these addresses. Let us, therefore, leave them out of the program.

It is a subject for general and profound regret that Dr. William H. Whitsett, president of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., has at last resigned his position. He is the man who dared to tell the historical truth about the early practice of Baptists in England in administering the ordinance of baptism. Because he told the truth he has been tried and persecuted by a small element in the denomination, which finally made his position so uncomfortable and unbearable that he resigns in order to secure relief. It is a thousand pities that in this twentieth century there can be found in the great Baptist denomination, or even in our own, so many people hopelessly given over to prejudice and dogmatism. Even the *Examiner* of New York, a conservative Baptist journal, thus comments on the resignation: "The years of his administration have been marked by large prosperity and growth in the seminary, and, notwithstanding the persistent and often rancorous attacks upon him, his personal strength and popularity have constantly increased in the South. If Dr. Whitsett's resignation means the triumph of those who have so bitterly assailed him, it will be a result greatly to be deplored."

ENGLISH LETTER

"NOVUS."

A YEAR ago I tried to explain in your columns the reasons for the agitation in favor of altering the order of sessions in the British Conference. I suspect that American readers do not possess more retentive memories than British, and I know how hopeless it would be to assume that any body of readers in England remembered even the gist of what they read a year since. This must be my excuse for going over some of the same ground.

There are two "sessions," let it be said, of the British Conference — the Pastoral, or ministerial, and the Representative. The Pastoral Session consists exclusively of ministers; the Representative, dating from 1877, is compounded of ministers and elected laymen. Besides these, there is what is known as the Legal Hundred, a kind of inner core of the Pastoral Session, which strictly is the legislative body of British Methodism. Further than this I dare not touch upon the subject of the Legal Hundred, possessed as it is of cryptic qualities that defy my powers of exposition. Let it suffice to say that it is as the very apple of his eye to the British Wesleyan, and indeed it is partly because the more conservative among the ministers feared that its constitution (you see you Americans are not the only people who jealously mount guard over the Constitution!) might be tampered with were the order of sessions changed, that the innovation was violently opposed at the outset.

When, in 1877, the question of the order in which the sessions should meet was raised, a clumsy compromise was arrived at in what was nicknamed the "sandwich" system. This required that the Pastoral Session meet first, followed by the Representative, which in turn gave way to a second ministerial sitting. The disadvantages of the plan have become more and more obvious with the flight of time. For instance, the Pastoral Session was wont to discuss, without voting upon, affairs common to both sessions, thereby prejudging in some degree the issue when the same topics came before the Representative Session. Further, the arrangement precluded the Representative Session from initiating debate on many matters. The scheme, too, derogated from the dignity of the Pastoral Session inasmuch as it permitted that session to discuss certain matters, but denied it the power to express judgment upon them by a vote. So far the case for change. On the other hand, protagonists of the *status quo* alleged that to reverse the order of sessions, by which the Representative Session would meet first, leaving the decks clear for the ministerial, would involve consequences likely to lower the status of the ministerial class. The change, it was said, might lead to the participation of the laity in the nomination of the secretary and president of Conference — and could a more horrible spectre be conjured up than that of a layman voting for the president, unless indeed it were that of a layman himself occupying the imperial chair!

With all its faults, however, the "sandwich" plan has held the field for twenty years, and it was only at last year's Conference that two committees, one lay and one ministerial, were appointed to consider whether a more excellent one could not be devised. Those committees have lately met, and by a judicious exercise of sweet reasonableness agreed upon a compromise. According to the terms of the new agreement, which will in all probability be accepted by Conference, the Representative Session will meet first. That is the great point, and so far the laymen score. The difficulty to be surmounted was that the president has hitherto been elected at the beginning of Conference

by the Pastoral Session. This has been met by a very ingenious arrangement. The Pastoral Session of the preceding Conference is to nominate the president and secretary, and that nomination will be ratified by the sacred Legal Hundred in the presence of the Representative Session in which the Legal Hundred is included. Thus the traditional and highly-prized ministerial privilege of electing the chief Conference officials will not be meddled with. It will be a distinct advantage, too, for the president to be to all intents and purposes elected, that is to say nominated, a year in advance. There are obvious inconveniences attaching to the prevailing method which in the case of a close contest does not allow the president that is to be any time for preparing for his great office. The new plan, too, has a minor advantage or two, the chief being that Conference will be condensed into fewer days, including two Sundays only. The Pastoral Session, compelling ministers who are members of it to be absent from their churches, will cover one Sunday only. Of course the Conference due at Hull towards the end of this month (July) will meet under the old "sandwich" scheme, and, as heretofore, the new president will have to be elected a few minutes before he enters upon his year of office. There is, I understand, little doubt that the choice of ministers will this time fall upon Rev. H. Price Hughes, who has more than once been in the neighborhood of the chair.

With much justice the prevailing method of training theological students has been subjected to considerable criticism. That method, briefly, is to immerse students within college walls, there to undergo some three or four years' struggle with certain tutors and specified text-books. At the end of such period they are turned loose upon the world to do their worst by it, equipped all too frequently with small Greek and less Hebrew and slender stock of exegetics. Taking into consideration the meagre opportunities enjoyed in many cases before this training begins, and the consequent lack of foundation upon which to build, the marvel is that Free Church ministers in England are as efficient as they are. It speaks volumes, at any rate, for their assiduity in self-training. A proportion of ministerial candidates, but a small one, are possessors of residential university degrees before they begin to coquet with the theological colleges. Others eke out their collegiate training by voluntarily subjecting themselves to the test of some examining university. But even so, the completest academic training is sadly to lack as a preparation for the practical work of the Christian ministry. That is a truth to which the eyes of many young ministers only become opened after a severe and discouraging martyrdom on the threshold of their career as pastors. They have learned the true use and position of enclitics, but they find this does not greatly avail in the conduct of delicate church affairs in an atmosphere so dangerous that, so to speak, a word too loudly uttered may bring an avalanche about their ears. They can tell you all about the aorist, but of what use is that particular branch of knowledge in face of some appeal for help from a victim of the public-house or the street? What they chiefly need is experience of men and affairs, and the problem is how to gain this, inflicting in the winning of it the least damage possible.

To Primitive Methodists belongs the credit of having struck out a new and more excellent way of training students, or at least of adding to the old plan a new method which should go far to counteract the vices of the rather monastic one that has so far held the field. Through mismanagement the Lads' Institute in the Whitechapel Road, the main thoroughfare of the East End of London, languished, and awhile ago its

eventual closing seemed inevitable. Just then Rev. T. Jackson, the energetic superintendent of the Clapton Mission, came forward, and backed up by the Primitive Methodist Church to which he belongs, rescued the Institute from what seemed a sure fate. Since that time the institution has become a centre of light in the district. At once a social settlement and mission, it boasts educational classes, a lodging-house, gymnasium and swimming bath, the activities being all inspired by evangelical fervor. To Mr. Jackson and others it seemed that the work of which the Institute is the centre affords exactly the kind of object-lesson needed by theological students. At the Manchester College (where the Primitive Methodist students are trained) are learning, enthusiasm, piety, earnestness. In Whitechapel are ignorance, indifference and sin. Obviously the thing to be done was to bring these contrasts into contact. In the spring some fourteen students went into residence for a fortnight, and now a summer session has just concluded in which a still larger number have taken part. During their visits they have entered thousands of poor homes, entertained the destitute, cared for the walls, preached to the exceeding gulls, taken counsel with such experienced hands as Mr. Scott Lidgett, of the Bermondsey Settlement, visited General Booth's and Dr. Barnardo's depots, and gained insight into the actual conditions of temporal and church life in large towns by taking charge of the seven preaching stations connected with the Clapton Mission. These experiences cannot have been undergone without great good accruing to the missionaries. Mr. Jackson is delighted with the result of his experiment; and indeed it would not be easy to pitch upon a better way of supplementing the book-work of the colleges. There is no short cut to experience, but it appears to possess the merit of being a short as is consistent with safety. When the method has won acceptance for itself and every college has its workshop of this sort, not only will needy neighborhoods be the gainers, but congregations of the future will have less cause than their predecessors for lamenting the inappropriateness and unpracticality of so many pulpit discourses.

Mr. Perks, known to you as the father of the "Methodist million" scheme, is responsible, also, for a Parliamentary bill, making for the equalizing of Free Church ministers and State Church clergymen in respect of the solemnization of marriages. Hitherto it has been necessary for a public registrar to attend at a marriage in a Nonconformist church in order to obtain the signatures to the contract which is a civil one only, the religious ceremony having no legal meaning at all. In a State Church, however, the registrar's presence is not necessary, the religious ceremony in this instance being legally binding. Apart from the numerous cases where inconvenience has been caused by the non-attendance or tardiness of the registrar at Nonconformist marriages, the distinction made has been felt to imply a slur on Nonconformist ministers as well as a kind of denial of Nonconformist "orders." Mr. Perks' bill endeavors to remedy the inequality by granting to Nonconformist ministers the power to perform a marriage ceremony which shall be legally binding. That is to say, the number of registrars of marriages will be indefinitely increased, and necessarily there will be a correspondingly greater increase in the risk of looseness in the keeping of marriage records. In Australia, I believe, where Mr. Perks' method has long been in force, "matrimonial agencies" have traded a great deal on the facilities afforded for performing the marriage ceremony. It has proved easy to obtain a minister of some sort to act as registrar. To me it seems that Mr. Perks' plan tends in the direction of loosen-

ing the marriage tie by making possible the less strict keeping of marriage records. Therefore I consider the better way of obtaining equality would have been to disqualify clergymen of the State Church for keeping marriage registers and to confine that duty to registrars, who are civil servants. Perhaps most Nonconformists share Mr. Perks' view; I am not sure. Many, I know, share mine.

Lieut. Commander Wainwright

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER RICHARD WAINWRIGHT has added fresh laurels to the ample wreath which he gained by his gallant handling of the auxiliary gunboat, "Gloucester" on the morning of July 3, when the Spanish fleet tried to escape from the American fleet at Santiago. It fell to his lot to protect the landing of General Miles' expedition at Port Guanica last Monday with the guns of the "Gloucester," and



LIEUT. COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT

he performed his duty in the same thorough and scientific manner which he employed when he attacked the Spanish torpedo boat destroyers, "Pluton" and "Furor," and smothered them with a hail of steel from his 6-pounders. Lieutenant Commander Wainwright is a son of old Commander Wainwright, and was appointed to Annapolis from the District of Columbia. He has given such convincing proof that he comes of the right kind of stock that he is known among the officers of the navy as "Fighting Dick" Wainwright. When the "Maine" was blown up in the harbor of Havana Wainwright stood on the quarter deck beside Captain Sigsbee and supervised the lowering of such boats as were not destroyed. From that day he has been spilling for a fight with the Spaniards. He remained with the wreck from the night of the explosion, Feb. 15, until he hauled down the tattered flag with his own hands April 5, and was the sole surviving officer of the "Maine" left in Havana. Strictly speaking, he was never in Havana, for he refused to set his foot on the island of Cuba while the work of investigating the explosion was in progress. At the conclusion of the investigation Wainwright was ordered to Washington for staff duty in the Navy Department. The transfer was anything but to his liking. He confided to his friends that he wanted "a good little vessel with some capable guns, and a crack at the enemy on something like even terms." When he was assigned to the command of the "Gloucester," formerly J. Pierpont Morgan's pleasure yacht "Corsair," he was supremely happy, and from that day he has been making a record for himself, his crew and vessel.

WHEELER AT SANTIAGO

"General Wheeler started on the two miles' journey to the front in an ambulance. About half-way to the front he met some litters bearing wounded. The veteran, against the protest of the surgeons, immediately ordered his horse, and after personally assisting the wounded into the ambulance, mounted and rode onward. The men burst into frantic cheers, which followed the General all along the line."—Correspondence New York Tribune.]

Into the thick of the fight he went, pallid
and sick and wan,
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a
ghostly wisp of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man,
approved in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance, and
the body of Fighting Joe.

Out from the front they were coming back,
smitten of Spanish shells—
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills and
the Alabama dells;
"Put them into this ambulance: I'll ride to
the front," he said;
And he climbed to the saddle, and rode
right on, that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks
rose up the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-biskened face was
furrowed with sudden tears,
As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword,
and hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little
old Fighting Joe!

Sick with fever and racked with pain, he
could not stay away,
For he heard the song of the yester-years
in the deep-mouthed cannon's bay—
He heard in the calling song of the guns
there was work for him to do,
Where his country's best blood splashed
and flowed 'round the old Red, White
and Blue.

Fevered body and hero heart! This Union's
heart to you
Beats out in love and reverence—and to
each dear boy in blue
Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell,
and cheered in the face of the foe,
As, wan and white, to the heart of the
fight rode little old Fighting Joe!

—James Lindsay Gordon.

ALONG THE LILY-PADS

JAMES BUCKHAM.

UNDER the broad green leaves of the water-lilies, that fringe the edges of lakes, ponds, and slow-flowing streams, there lurks, during the warm months of the year, that watchful privateer of fishes, the true pike (*Esox lucius*), more commonly and incorrectly called pickerel. The real pickerel is a smaller, less distinctly and brilliantly marked fish, of a dull greenish hue. It frequents the same waters and lurking places as the pike, and is, perhaps, equally voracious and gamy; but its inferior size and strength and duller marking make it seem less of a prize to the keen fisherman, who casts his minnow or his troll into the dark, still-flowing water. In rivers and large creeks the pike seems to exceed in numbers his smaller and weaker cousin, the pickerel; but where the stream is only a few yards wide, and flows between reedy borders, in low-lying meadows, very seldom does the angler add one of the great spotted pike to his catch. His string or creel will be made up chiefly of the greenish grass-pickerel, ranging from a quarter of a pound to two pounds in weight, with, probably, a welcome sprinkling of large perch, which take the troll almost as readily as the pickerel itself.

There are two methods of fishing for pike and pickerel. One is to troll from a boat, rowed or paddled slowly and cautiously along the edges of the weeds and lily-pads, with a trailing line of from forty to eighty feet in length, to which

is attached a polished metal spoon and gang of hooks. The other is the method of fishing from land. The angler walks leisurely along, at a little distance from the bank of the stream, so as to be out of sight, and casts his troll or bait with a rod. For small streams, where the use of a boat would be impracticable, fishing from the land is, of course, the only method; and some anglers, of active bodily habits, prefer it even for lake or river fishing, as being, on the whole, a more skilful and sportsmanlike method, furnishing both greater variety of sport and superior physical exercise.

But, on a lazy summer day, there certainly is a fitness and charm about fishing at one's ease from a boat along the lily-pads, waiting with a pleasant anticipatory thrill for the tug on the line that announces the strike of pike or pickerel—a charm that one misses if tramping along the bank in the sweltering sun. Even if the angler serves as his own oarsman, facing the stern, with the line gripped in his teeth, the exercise is necessarily so gentle and almost dreamily dallying, as to seem little more than a rhythmic swaying of the body, in harmony with the languid pulsations of air stealing over the meadows. The old and accustomed fisherman, by a kind of instinct or clairvoyance, divines the windings of the stream, and urges his craft noiselessly along, keeping always just outside the fringing weeds and lilies, that his hooks may not foul in them. Even the novice finds that an occasional quick, sidewise glance enables him to keep his bearings, and he soon acquires the art of feeling his way along, while his attention is concentrated chiefly on the taut line that throbs and vibrates in his teeth.

The angler who has never fished with his teeth has missed a certain subtle, keen refinement of nerve-excitation that must be experienced to be appreciated. There is an exquisite delicacy and minuteness of report constantly flashing over the nerves to the brain. Every throb and quiver of the spinning spoon, every slightest obstacle it encounters on its way, the swing of the straining line across a bend in the stream, the impact of a reed or lily-stem along which it drags for a moment, the slight snap of the merest tendril caught by a hook and the leap of the spoon as it is released, the very rush of the pike or pickerel from his hiding-place, and the preliminary shock of contact with the hooks ere the sudden tremendous tug of the strike itself—all these submarine secrets are telegraphed to the angler's brain through the delicate, sensitive nerves of the jaw, while he sits expectant, with his fifty feet of line between his teeth. I have heard it said that sometimes a fisherman loses a tooth when a monster pike grabs his hooks; but, if so, the man must either be asleep or of the dullest and most phlegmatic nervous temperament, for I have never known an instance when there was not ample warning, from the initial contact of the fish with the spoon or minnow, for catching the line with the hand in season to meet the tug and surge of the strike.

Some fishermen use a very short, thick rod in trolling alone from a boat, laying

the rod with the butt under one thwart and the tip over another, or holding it between the legs. I have also seen anglers carry the line at the tip of a small stick, about six inches long, which they held in one hand as they rowed. But it has always seemed to me that this method must impart an uneven and erratic motion to the spoon, and also make it liable to sink and foul.

The ideal trolling-ground is a small, deep, rather sluggish river, winding through low meadows, with now and then a lofty deciduous grove, deep with shade and coolness, or a wooded ridge thrusting down to the water's edge and breaking the quiet of the lowland scenery with a picturesque bluff or cliff. There is an indescribable charm about winding in and out, and to and fro, with the sinuous meanderings of such a stream; the scenery constantly changing, and yet preserving a sort of panoramic unity and continuity; sunlight alternating with shadow on the still-flowing waters; the song of some hidden veery or sparrow coming to us out of the cool gloom as we drift along the woods; and in the broad sunlight beyond, the silence of shimmering meadows and the grateful touch of the breeze that brings to us the fragrance of new-mown hay.

Of such things as these, as well as the thrill and stimulus of healthful sport, is the angler's joy compounded. The secret of it all is being close to Nature's heart, with something concrete, definite, and universally attractive to draw one and hold one there. Fishing is but half, and perhaps the lesser half, of the fisherman's delight. It is Nature's mothering of him that makes him so child-like content. He casts his hooks for bass and trout and pickerel, and Nature slyly and lovingly fixes to them the roses of the sunset, the diamonds of the morning dew, the invisible fragrances of the air, the sweetest sights and sounds and odors of the great out-door world—all those things that every normal man loves as his primal heritage. We go out and row a boat or cast a troll, along the lily-pads, and whether the fish bite or not, with what a basketful and heartfelt of out-door treasure we return! Be the layer at the bottom ever so thin, that which generous Nature adds to our catch over-fills the creel.

Atlantic, Mass.

THE EVOLUTION OF A CHURCH PILLAR

REV. GEORGE S. BUTTERS.

JOHN SOMERSET went home from a Sunday morning service in July, 1882, determined to be a Christian. He said nothing about it at the time, because he made up his mind during the sermon, and the service closed in the usual way, and he was a stranger to nearly all the people who were in church that eventful morning. He felt better for his decision, and on reaching his room locked the door, found his Bible, read the third chapter of John, from which the pastor had preached, and knelt to pray. He admitted afterwards that at the beginning of the prayer he was nearly overcome by strange feelings, for he saw himself and his need, and the full meaning of the decision made that morning in church. He held firm, however, and before that prayer was ended he received help and was some way

conscious that Jesus saved him then and there. He arose and wrote in a blank book in which he kept his cash account the following: "I believe that God forgives my sins according to His promise, and I promise to serve Him the best I can as long as I live." He was twenty-four years of age, a clerk in a grocery store, engaged to a bright young woman of his native town, of good appearance, education somewhat limited, clear-headed, ambitious, industrious, honest, and frank.

He then reread the Scripture which had helped him, and wrote two letters home, telling what he had made up his mind to do. He went to prayer-meeting that Sunday evening, and during one of the embarrassing lulls which frequently afflicted that service arose and tried to tell of his determination. His attempt was not brilliantly successful, but it served the purpose of a confession, and let the people know that there had been one conversion in that church during the hot weather. He went home, and before retiring read five chapters of the Gospel of John. He made up his mind that he would read his Bible morning and night, pray at least twice a day, and speak in every meeting where it seemed his duty. He found it easy to testify if he improved an early opportunity, and oftentimes his voice was the first to be heard. He went to class, to Sunday-school, to the weekly prayer-meeting as well as to the service on the Lord's day. He often had some young man with him at church, and more than one could testify to his faithfulness in urging him to become a Christian. He bought a teacher's Bible, subscribed for a religious paper, read many excellent books, and had the good sense to request his pastor to freely talk with him about any action which he felt ought to be improved.

This opened brotherly relations between Somerset and the man who was privileged to be his pastor, and which was helped the more by this intimacy it would not be easy to say. The pastor said "he could see John grow," and Somerset said "a young man could not help it with such instruction." There were many men in that church much more brilliant in natural and acquired ability, but John Somerset outstripped them all, simply because of his steadfastness. At forty years of age he had a happy home, a prosperous business, a strong religious influence, and his name carried weight throughout the city in which he lived. He was an official member in his own church and a citizen whose vote and voice always counted for the right. He was posted in regard to the peculiarities and privileges of his denomination, was learned in the Scriptures, had a rich religious experience, could express himself clearly in any gathering of Christians, and would have been missed more than any other man in that congregation.

The children loved him, the young people manifested a respect that had admiration in it, the strong men and women honored him, and the old people and the poor would have spoiled a weaker man by their flattery and appreciation. He never dreamed that he was anything remarkable, and often acknowledged to his wife and in class-meeting that his work seemed bungling and unsatisfactory. What made him a pillar? His genius? No. His opportunity? No. His church? No. My answer would be: *God's grace and His own faithfulness.* — "Jottings" of First Church, Somerville.

Cant an Abomination

CANT is not hypocrisy, but it is very closely allied to it, and may very easily pass into it. Hypocrisy is a conscious and deliberate assumption of a false character with a view of deceiving others; cant is unconscious self-deception leading to the affectation of a virtue or a feeling not really possessed. It is often very difficult to dis-

tinguish between the two, and their effect in creating distrust of the genuineness of religious professions is very often the same. Indeed, it is a question whether cant is not more hurtful to religion than hypocrisy; for the discovery even of many hypocrites does not seriously give rise to the suspicion that all religious professions are hypocritical, while cant may induce the feeling that while the alleged experiences of religious people may not be consciously false, yet they may be delusions. And it is this admixture of cant in religious services and in the conversation of Christian people that perhaps more than anything else prejudices the minds of observers against Christianity. — *Central Christian Advocate.*

THE UNITY WE SHOULD SEEK

THE LATE REV. DAVID SUTHERLAND.

"Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." — EPHESIANS 4: 3.

THE distinct conscious longing of our age is for unity. Some seek it through ecclesiastical uniformity, putting their trust in the links that would bind worshipers together if they would only agree to observe similarity of service, rite, and dress. Others seek it through oneness of language, speculating on the possibility and indulging the hope that some day one language may be spoken by all nations on the face of the globe, and believing that by speaking one language the nations would understand one another and be at one. Christianity casts these plans and speculations aside as insufficient. The conception of unity it holds up and advocates is alone thoroughly adequate and complete.

The true character of Christian unity is indicated in the intercessory prayer offered by Christ on the last night of His life. That prayer makes it evident how very near the unity of Christendom was and is to the heart of the High Priest of humanity. Four times does He pray that His people may be one. The petition, which is also an interpretation of Christ's conception of unity, should be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested by the many writers and speakers who discuss what is a burning topic in ecclesiastical circles in our day: "That they all may be one, as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me."

This is the final conception of Christian unity for all who accept the mind of Christ. Analysis of it reveals three points of paramount interest and importance: —

The Nature of Christian Unity — "That they all may be one."

The Model of Christian Unity — "As Thou Father art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us."

The Purpose of Christian Unity — "That the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

1. The nature of Christian unity is oneness, not sameness — unity, not uniformity. The unity Christ prayed for is oneness, not sameness. The latter is neither desirable nor practical. It is contrary to the principles that govern the operations of God in nature and in grace. No two blades of grass in the field, no two leaves on a tree, no two sheep on a hill, no two faces in a crowd,

are identically alike. There is variety in the unity. Why, then, expect that all men's minds should run in the same groove, or dare to impose an iron rule or a rigid creed in the attempt to produce uniformity on non-essential religious questions? The expectation and the attempt are alike folly. Wherever the experiment has been made it has proved a failure. The Emperor Charles V. sought by violent measures to make twenty millions of his subjects agree in their religious opinions. He was vividly and forcibly taught his folly when, after he had retired to a monastery for peace and meditation, he amused himself by constructing clocks, and found that with all his skill he could not make two clocks go exactly alike for any length of time.

Rev. F. B. Meyer calls attention to the fact that the Church of Rome sought to prove herself the true church by achieving a oneness of her own. It was an outward and visible oneness in which all worshipers must use the same formulas, worship in the same postures, and belong to the same ecclesiastical system. Uniformity was pressed by sword and fire and torture. Just before the dawn of the Reformation it seemed to have succeeded. Europe reposed in the monotony of uniformity to the rules of the Papacy. What was the result? Moral decay, ecclesiastical stagnation, and spiritual death. Herein lies an unanswerable condemnation of the Roman Catholic conception of the unity of the church.

Any adequate conception of unity involves variety. Out on yonder field is a heap of bricks. You say it is a unity, but in that you are mistaken. There is a uniformity of shape and size among the bricks, but they do not become a unity until they are combined to form one structure and to carry out one idea. A house is a unity, but a heap of bricks is not a unity. In the sixty-six books of the Bible there is a unity which no binding together into one volume could give. All kinds of writers — king, prophet, priest, herdsman, fisherman, scholar, sage, and saint — were at work in its production. Yet it is dominated in all its parts by one purpose and animated by the same life-giving Spirit. Like unto that is the nature of true Christian unity. There may be and must be varieties of thought and work in the church, but underlying and interpenetrating all the varieties is the essential oneness of a common life and purpose. Many men mean many minds. Differences of mental constitution, ecclesiastical affinity, and spiritual sympathy lead some Christians to prefer the Episcopal form of worship, others the Methodist, others the Presbyterian, and others the Baptist. "Many regiments, but one army; many folds, but one flock" — is the motto which denotes the nature of the unity of the followers of Jesus Christ. All other conceptions are futile, because unscriptural, unpractical, and undesirable.

2. The model of Christian unity is as exalted and complete as it is possible for man to conceive: "As Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." The unity of the Godhead is the first article of belief with the Jew as well as with the Christian. The

Lord our God is one God in essence, purpose and action; the Son does nothing of Himself, nor does the Father act apart from the Son. In the work of redemption the ever-blessed and adorable Persons of the Trinity are one, and yet there is variety in their operations. The Father plans, the Son executes, and the Holy Spirit applies the benefits of redemption. This unity in variety of operation is the model the Church of Christ is called upon to imitate.

The unity between the Father and the Son is the unity of life. They are one in essence. The unity of believers with one another and with Christ is a unity of spiritual life — I in Thee, Thou in Me, and they in us. True Christian unity springs out of a birth from above, which makes a man a partaker of the life of God. The Lord Jesus Christ, as F. B. Meyer puts it in one of his helpful addresses, is in the believer as the sap is in the branch, as the blood is in the heart, as the life is in the body; and His life permeating us all alike makes us not only one with God, but one with all who believe, as the blood makes all the members one and the sap the branches.

Yet again, the unity between the Father and the Son is the unity of belief. Father and Son have lived together from eternity, but they have never differed in opinion, and never will. "That they also may be one, even as we are one." Large latitude must be given to difference of opinion among Christians on minor questions, but they must be united in clinging with dogged tenacity to the fundamentals of the faith once for all delivered to the saints. "In things essential, unity; in things non-essential, liberty; and in all things, charity." Whatever variations there may be in creed and forms of worship, there must be unity in unwavering adhesion to the central truths of the Gospel. It is always hazardous to venture the formulation of a comprehensive creed, but we believe that the essential doctrinal unity of the Christian Church would at least go so far as to demand acceptance of this creed: "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Saviour of man." That Christ is the Son of God, and that there is a vital connection between His death and the salvation of humanity, are the articles of a standing or a falling church, and must, therefore, be indispensable to the credal confession of united Christendom.

In view of the attainment of the high ideal of unity taught by Christ and the clamant need for concerted action on the part of Christians in our day, we ought to bury the hatchet of theological controversy, silence the war-drum of sectarian strife, unfurl the blood-stained banner of the Cross, and cordially welcome as brethren and fellow-soldiers all who believe in the divinity of Christ and His sole atoning sacrifice.

3. The purpose of the unity which is the goal of the church is, "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." The great stumbling-block to the progress of Christianity at home and abroad is the quarrels and divisions of Christians. It is a heart-saddening spectacle to be obliged to witness friend flinging polished missile against friend, and to see regiments of one army wast-

ing time, strength and money in fighting against each other instead of against the common foe. A united church would be the efficiency of God unto salvation. The unity which prevailed among the early churches did almost as much as the sermons and miracles of the Apostles to convert the world. Many people judge religion not by reading the Bible, but by reading the churches, and when they see strife and division written in large and lurid letters on the ecclesiastical epistles, they may be pardoned for shrugging their shoulders in contempt, and refusing to listen to the evangel of peace as proclaimed by such churches. But when the sects bury their battle-axes and silence their war-drums in fulfillment of the petition of the High Priest of humanity, then the world will acknowledge the power of the religion that can produce such unity and concord, and will go with the church because it is evident that the Lord of love is with her.

We would respectfully and earnestly submit this consideration of Christ's conception of unity to all who love and serve the ever-blessed Redeemer, and call upon them to do all that in their power lies to hasten the coming of the day when they all shall be one "as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

OUR NATIONAL SONGS

V

Home, Sweet Home

REV. FRED WINSLOW ADAMS.

"HOME, Sweet Home," while it stands by itself, should yet be reckoned among our national songs. It sings the patriotism of the home, and in the home lies the power for all that is truest and noblest in American civilization. The home must be kept dear, and pure, and American, if America is to be America. The great Teutonic civilizations are peculiarly home civilizations. They stand for development and defence of Fatherland rather than for military aggression and conquest of new lands.

"Home, Sweet Home," like "America," is somewhat cosmopolitan. A homeless American actor, journeying in Italy, caught the inspiration for "Home, Sweet Home," by listening to a peasant girl singing a Sicilian air, and first produced the result in an opera on the London stage. Without knowing it, he struck the chord that makes the whole world kin.

John Howard Payne, the author of this most popular and most widely circulated of all songs in the English language, has become known to the world as the man without a home. But the homeless and vagabond side of Payne has been very much overdone. For instance, one account of his writing his immortal song is as follows: "One stormy night beneath the dim flickerings of a London street lamp, gaunt and hungry and without a place to shelter his poor shivering body, he wrote his inspired song on a piece of ragged paper picked from the sidewalk." The writing of "Home, Sweet Home," was romantic, but not romantic in this

sort of a way. Payne has himself told us the circumstances in which this simple song, this supreme masterpiece of all he ever did, was written. He says: "I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity, that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moments' conversation I asked the name of the song, which she could not give me, but having a slight knowledge of music myself — only enough for the purpose — I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was this air that suggested the words of 'Home, Sweet Home,' both of which I sent to Bishop, at the same time I was preparing the opera of *Clari* for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words."

The opera "*Clari*" Payne sold for thirty dollars. It was an instant success, and its star song, "Home, Sweet Home," made a fortune for all concerned, except the author. Payne's name did not even appear on the first editions of the song, the title page of the fourth edition, for example, reading: —

Fourth Edition
HOME, SWEET HOME!
Sung by
MISS M. TREE
in
CLARI
THE MAID OF MILAN.
Composed and Partly Founded on a Sicilian Air
by
HENRY R. BISHOP,
Composer and Director of the Music to the Theatre
Royal, Covent Garden, London.

The words, which underwent some revision, are as follows: —

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
 there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
 with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 Be it ever so humble,
 There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her
 child;
As she looks on that moon from our own
 cottage door,
Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall
 cheer me no more.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 Be it ever so humble,
 There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in
 vain;
Oh, give me my humble thatched cottage
 again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my
 call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind,
 dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 Be it ever so humble,
 There's no place like home.

Of all Patti ever sang, the one favorite generally insisted on was the simple, plaintive "Home, Sweet Home." A story is told of a "hold up" in Texas

of a train on which an opera company, including Mme. Patti, were passengers. The desperadoes demanded a song of her. She faced them and slowly began that song that reaches the tender spot in every heart, but she was not allowed to proceed very far — the ruffians dared not listen to such music, and halting her, demanded an operatic air, with all the trills. They feared their nerve might give out if "Home, Sweet Home," should be finished.

A still more interesting story is told of the power of this song, on an occasion in which the author himself was the hero:—

"John Howard Payne, the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' was a warm personal friend of John Ross, who will be remembered as the celebrated chief of the Cherokees. At the time the Cherokees were removed from their homes in Georgia to their present possessions west of the Mississippi River, Payne was spending a few weeks in Georgia with Ross, who was occupying a miserable cabin, having been forcibly ejected from his former home. A number of the prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scourged by armed squads of the Georgia militia, who had orders to arrest all who refused to leave the country. While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in the hut, the door was suddenly burst open and six or eight militiamen sprang into the room. The soldiers lost no time in taking their prisoners away. Ross was permitted to ride his own horse, while Payne was mounted on one led by a soldier. As the little party left the hovel, rain began falling, and continued until every man was drenched thoroughly. The journey lasted all night. Toward midnight, Payne's escort, in order to keep himself awake, began humming, 'Home, sweet, sweet home,' when Payne remarked,—

"'Little did I expect to hear that song, under such circumstances, and at such a time. Do you know the author?'"

"'No,' said the soldier. 'Do you?'"

"'Yes,' answered Payne. 'I composed it.'"

"'The devil you did! You can tell that to some fellows, but not to me. Look here, you made that song, you say. If you did — and I know you didn't — you can say it all without stopping. It has something in it about pleasures and palaces. Now pitch in, and reel it off; and if you can't, I'll bounce you from your horse, and lead you instead of it.'"

"The threat was answered by Payne, who repeated the song in a slow, subdued tone, and then sang it, making the old woods ring with the tender melody and pathos of the words. It touched the heart of the rough soldier, who was not only captivated but convinced, and who said the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it. And when the party reached Milledgeville, they were, after a preliminary examination, discharged, much to their surprise. Payne insisted it was because the leader of the squad had been under the magnetic influence of Ross' conversation, and Ross insisted that they had been saved from insult and impris-

onment by the power of 'Home, Sweet Home,' sung as only those who feel can sing it. The friendship existing between Ross and Payne endured until the grave closed over the mortal remains of the latter."

John Howard Payne was born in New York, Jan. 9, 1792. He never knew what it was to have a home after he was thirteen years old, his mother dying in 1794, and his father soon after. He edited a paper at fourteen, spent two years in Union College, and at seventeen made his *début* at Park Theatre, New York, in the rôle of Young Norval. He was billed as "Master Payne," being heralded as a boy prodigy. He achieved considerable fame on both sides of the Atlantic as a playwright and actor, but was always unfortunate. He finally accepted a United States consulate to Tunis, Africa, where he died in 1852; and here, on the distant shores of the Mediterranean in the Cemetery of St. George, a monument was erected to his memory. Though the restless spirit had left the body, the body was not allowed to lie in quiet, but after thirty years was taken up, and after service in the little Protestant chapel, Payne's name being engraved on the chancel, was borne across the ocean to find a final resting-place in Oak Hill Cemetery at Washington, D. C. Here the interment took place in June, 1883, when a thousand voices and instruments blended in rendering the immortal melody "Home, Sweet Home." A suitable monument marks his last resting-place.

Yalesville, Conn.

THE OLD BRIGADE

The new brigades are mighty fine — the boys are brave and true,
An' the gray is marchin' side by side with them that wore the blue;
I see 'em on the hilltops — they're drillin' in the glades,
But we won't fergit the old boys who made the old brigades.

We won't fergit the fellers that fought on land an' sea,
An' followed "Stonewall" Jackson, an' charged with old "Bob" Lee!
An' Grant's an' Sherman's fellers; — their mem'ry never fades;
We won't fergit the old boys who made the old brigades.

They're thinnin' out — the old boys — they're few now on the sod;
They're crossin' — crossin' over to the campin' grounds of God;
I see the young boys marchin' on hills an' fields an' glades,
But we won't fergit the old boys who made the old brigades.

— Atlanta Constitution.

AS SEEN FROM THE PEW

METHODISTICUS.

DURING the fifteen years of the writer's acquaintance with ZION'S HERALD, and presumably for the sixty years of its previous history, there have appeared in its columns from time to time articles deprecating the small percentage of church attendance, especially in city churches, warning against the many counter-attractions, denouncing "church-tramps," "stay-at-homes," etc.

The writers of these articles have recognized a great and perhaps growing evil — a problem whose right solution is of deepest interest to every true disci-

ple of Christ. To persuade men to put themselves in a position to receive the truth, and to enlist the co-operation of Christian people in definite and aggressive evangelical work, is of the first importance.

Yet, as the greater part of these exhortations and accusations appear to come from the standpoint of the pulpit, it may not be amiss to look at a few phases of the subject from the level of the pew. Within the circle of the writer's acquaintance there are clergymen whose constant complaint is that their own church members, not to mention those who naturally would contribute to the regular congregation, are inconstant and unfaithful in attendance at both the public and social means of grace. The few who from a sense of duty or from force of habit attend regularly upon the ministry of these men, are constantly reminded of the remissness of their brethren and burdened with the denunciations and opprobrium which would be heaped upon the delinquents could they be gotten within range.

What is the trouble? We have never read that John Wesley, or Jesse Lee, or Spurgeon, or many others who might be mentioned, of varying talents and capacity, ever bewailed a lack of hearers. Not every minister can be an exceptionally able sermonizer. The average congregation does not demand or expect that their preacher shall exceed his capability in this respect. But members of Methodist churches have a right to believe, and do expect, that no man will presume to occupy a Methodist pulpit who is not divinely called to that position; and if they do not find the incumbent a golden-mouthed Chrysostom, they are quick to recognize the earnestness and zeal of one who is doing his best, and to discover other characteristics in their pastor which compensate for his lack of ability in the pulpit.

But there is a class of preachers who are in great demand for sermons and addresses on special occasions, and whose fame is in all the churches because of the aptness, force and eloquence of these discourses, great audiences being thrilled at such times by their burning words. Yet it is noticeable that some of these men are the pastors who find the greatest difficulty in holding the congregations of their regular ministry. Would it not be well for such to turn the search-light of inquiry in an inverse direction to its usual angle? A congregation is quick to notice lack of preparation in a discourse, and perhaps nothing is more fatal to a preacher's influence and reputation than sermons bearing the unmistakable marks of hurried composition, inadaptation and slovenly construction — particularly when the man is known to be capable of strong and helpful productions. In a community where neighboring pulpits are filled by men whose every effort measures up to the limit of their power, why should the preacher who is content to do less expect his congregation, or even the members of his church, to regularly and patiently listen to his inane time-killers? Perhaps the Concord philosopher never spoke a truer word than when he said: "The man who can write a better book, or preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

THE FAMILY

IN FOG AND MIST

Morning gray as any nun,
Not a hint of coming sun,
Fog and mist, across the dawn,
Have their heavy curtains drawn.
Dripping branches, bare and brown—
Shall we smile or shall we frown?

Hear the voices faint and far:
"All unsightly as we are,
Every tree heart holds within
Faith in Nature's discipline.
So we welcome skies like these,
Welcome all her mysteries."

Rose trees, shrouded in the gloom,
Do you ever hope to bloom?
"What of dreary mists outside?
Happy secrets do we hide,
All the glory of the rose
Do our folded buds enclose."

Robin, in a world forlorn,
Do you frown away the morn?
Shake of wing and swelling throat—
"Nay, I sing my gayest note;
Dear old world, it needs my lay
Under skies so dull and gray."

Shall I, then, when clouds arise,
Meet them with despairing eyes?
Let my heart forget its faith,
And my hope go down to death,
While the world, the clouds among,
Needs all faith and hope and song?

— A. E. WOODWORTH, in *Advance*.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold, down to the
ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was
crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was
found.

— Edmund Spenser.

With the day the light, with the road
the strength to tread it. — Samuel Johnson.

The secret of success in life is for a
man to be ready for his opportunity
when it comes. — *Disraeli*.

If you don't want dull thoughts to
come, you must keep 'em away as I keep
the weeds out o' my bit o' garden. I fill
the beds so full o' flowers that there isn't
any room for weeds. — *Daniel Quorn*.

Sacrifice is a necessary condition of
eternal felicity. In the old Norse legend
Alfadir did not obtain a drink from the
spring of Mimir, which was reputed to
be the fountain of wisdom, until he left
his eye in pledge. If a man would be a
Christian, there are always some things
that must go. We are saved from, not
with, our sins. The old nature cannot
be imported into Paradise. — *N. Y. Observer*.

I am borne out to Thee upon the wave,
And the land lessens; cry nor speech I hear,
Naught but the leaping waters and the brave,
Pure winds commingling. Oh, the joy, the
fear!

Alone with Thee; sky's rim and ocean's rim
Touch, overhead the clear immensity
Is merely God; no eyes of seraphim
Gaze in . . . O God, Thou also art the sea!

— Edward Dowden.

"A bruised reed shall He not break, a
smoking flax shall He not quench." Let
everybody take it just as he needs it. It
means that He cares for every bit of life,
every breath, every spark of life. The
gardener has to do with the poor little
plants and seeds, and keeps them in the
potting-house or the hot-house until
they are at their stateliest and best, and
then they are taken up to the hall and
decorate the table. Ah! is not this the

Gardener? He does not wait until we
are at our fairest and best. He stoops
to help us at our dearest and dullest,
our poorest and worst, when life is al-
most gone out and the fire is at its last
spark. He can help us and keep us in
the most trying circumstances, however
bleak winds blow, whatever biting frosts
come. A most gracious, gentle, pitiful
Saviour is He, and as mighty as He is
gentle. Press up to Him; go on your
way communing with Him. Cleave to
Him, your Life; rest in Him, your loving
Lord; exult in Him, your Almighty Sav-
iour. — *Mark Guy Pearse*.

Impatient people water their miseries
and hoe up their comforts; sorrows are
visitors that come without invitation,
but complaining minds send a wagon to
bring their troubles home in. — *Spurgeon*.

How easily we lose poise, swept by
the currents of life! Our root is not
deep enough. Consider the lily resting
on the face of the waters, its roots far
below. How serene it rides the ripples,
and how confidently it has sought the
light, that its life may expand therein,
above the turbulence of the waves! —
"Trinities and Sanctities."

The scenery around your house may
be monotonous, without a mountain, or
sea, or lake, or hill; but an upward
look at the clear sky will put you in in-
stant communication with infinite beauty
and majesty. No spot on earth is com-
mon or barren over which the skies bend
in solemn silence. No human life need
be barren or common which is connected
by the great network of the moral law
with any other human being. — *J. H. Carlisle*.

Jesus was a patriot. That sentiment
which makes so much of the poetry of
the earth — the love of men for their na-
tive land — was very strong in His
bosom. . . . But why is it that His pa-
triotism is a part of His life to which we
least often turn? It is not only that He
lived a larger life and did a larger work,
which has far outreached the Jewish
people and touched us with its influence.
It is the constant predominance of the
sonship to God over the sonship to David
in His consciousness, making Him al-
ways eager for the land of David be-
cause of the interests of God which it
enshrined. This is a distinct and definite
quality when it appears in a man's pa-
triotism. It makes his patriotism fine
and lofty above the measure of the com-
mon patriotic feeling of mankind. —
Phillips Brooks.

Two little birds went out one lovely
spring morning to build their nests.
One found a tree and built her nest in
its branches. It was a very pleasant
place. Blossoms filled the air with fra-
grance. A river murmured beneath, its
waters rippling and sparkling in the sun-
light, and at night reflecting the silver
stars in the blue sky overhead. But one
night there was a great storm, and floods
rolled through the river's channel, over-
flowing its banks. In the morning the
tree was gone, and the bird's home had
vanished. She had built too low. She
had planned only for the soft, sunny
days and the quiet, starry nights.

The other bird soared up among the
craggs and built her nest in a cleft of one
of the old rocks. By and by the nest
was full of bird-life. The storm that
swept through the valley below swept
about the old crag, but could not shake it.
In the morning the sunshine streamed
forth again, and the bird's home was
safe.

Are you building your soul's home
among the green boughs of mere human
friendship, in life's beautiful vales, close
by the river of earth's pleasures, where
the sweet perfumes breathe? Or are
you building up amid the crags, in the
Rock of Ages? Are you building mere-

ly for sunny days, or for floods and
storms as well? — *J. R. Miller, D. D.*

NO OTHER GODS

AGNES L. PRATT.

ALWAYS the sky is beautiful over
these scenes. Whether wrapped
in the silvery mistiness that shadows the
autumn fields, obscured by fast-falling
flakes of feathery snow, or dipped in the
azure dye that makes spring beautiful,
the effect is the same. If stars marshal
their forces nightly, to do homage to the
regal moon, or if black storm clouds roll
up from the horizon in murky masses,
the skies, God's handiwork, are still
beautiful.

It is summer.

Underneath the yellowing dome whose
turquoise splendor has been burned
through by the molten sun stretches the
level, sandy road. Away off on either
side, beyond the stone-wall that bounds
the dusty highway, lie peaceful fields or
pasture land and stony hollows, arid and
unproductive. In the foreground, un-
comfortably near the road, a little house
nestles its unpainted sides down against
the green of the fields and the opaline
shadows of the narrowing skies.

The door is wide open. A cloud of
steam escapes, and is swallowed up in
the sultry dryness of the atmosphere. A
few flies, black atoms in the pulsing
sunshine, buzz and hum through the
open space. A glimpse of the kitchen,
whose window panes are steamy, shows
the dim outlines of a stove, a woman
at a washtub, and in one corner of the
room a rude couch and the drawn fea-
tures of another woman, an aged woman.
Once in a while she turns toward the
woman at the tub.

"Oh, deary me!" she murmurs queru-
lously, "it's so hot!"

"You kin go into the bedroom." With
a wave of one parboiled hand the
younger woman indicates a small dark
apartment beyond.

"No, I want ter stay out here," the
whining voice continues.

"Then you kin;" and once more the
weary woman turns to her suds and
steam.

The afternoon wore on. Heavy clouds
lumbered up from below the horizon.
A brassy hue overspread the arching
dome above, and the air grew dead and
heavy. Inside the house it was insuffer-
able. The old woman, grumbling and
complaining, was assisted to the little
bedroom and to bed.

With a weary sigh the younger woman
passed through the kitchen and dropping
to a seat in the open doorway fanned
herself with one corner of her apron.

Here, though the elements were pre-
paring for war, all was peace and quiet.
The level fields reached away out of
sight, giving one, to merely gaze on
them, that sense of rest and content that
comes from the contemplation of infinity.
Already the muttering of distant thunder
became audible, and a few raindrops
splashed angrily down on her heated
cheek.

She wiped them off, murmuring, "We
sh'll git heavy showers 'fore mornin',
sure." Then, after a moment's silence:
"I wish Joe'd hurry along."

The look of anxiety in her eyes died

out, a few of the severer wrinkles in her toll-worn countenance relaxed, as a speck of black became visible down the narrow turnpike, and after a few moments resolved itself into the outlines of a human form. It was Joe.

Carelessly striding along, he turned in at the rickety gate and with two steps was beside his mother.

"Hot, ain't it?" she said, making room for him to enter the doorway.

"I dunno — is it?"

He entered the indistinct gloominess of the kitchen, still damp and overheated from the recent washing, and for a moment no sound was audible save the splashing of water as he washed up.

His mother rose after a little, and followed him in. As she went about preparing the evening meal she attempted to engage him in conversation.

"Looks like we'd hev a shower," she ventured.

But her son was inclined to moodiness at present. All the reply he volunteered was: "Git me my supper. I'm hungry."

After that meal was over, he lit his pipe and sat down in the doorway. She rocked silently in the darkness near the window. Occasionally a long streak of lightning would zigzag across the tiny window pane, and she would peer out anxiously into the night.

Suddenly a voice from the doorway penetrated the darkness.

"Mother."

"What, Joe?"

"I've got into another scrape."

For a few moments he puffed at his pipe unanswered and seemingly unheeded. Then a hopeless voice replied: "I thought pretty likely, Joe. You're always in some scrape or other."

"It'll take money to settle this," doggedly he continued, each word cutting her like a knife.

"But where'll I git it, Joe?" she inquired, with pitiful entreaty. "Where'll I git it? I cayn't earn 'nough now to acasely keep body an' soul together. An' there's Granny Simmons, Joe; we've got to keep her till she dies, an' — an' —" — a note of despair crept into the thin sharp voice at this point — "an' I dunno as that'll ever be. I've gin ye about all I've earnt, Joe, already, an' I cayn't git any more — 'deed I cayn't."

Her voice dropped into the silence of the darkened kitchen. In gruff tones the boy addressed her once more: —

"D'ye want me to be taken up, to go to jail? I tell ye, I've got to have money."

"Where'll I git it?"

The woman spoke with a subdued earnestness that was born of her utter hopelessness and inability to resist the tyrannical power that had ruled her since the birth of this, her only son.

"The house," he said, shortly.

"What?"

She arose to her feet and approached the door where he was sitting.

"Oh, I cayn't do that, Joe," she said, "it's all I've got, an' I cayn't sell it."

A vivid flash of lightning revealed for a second the two countenances — hers tired, drawn and suffering, his dark and defiant.

"You kin mortgage it," said he; "at any rate, I've got to git some money somehow, or go to jail."

She did not inquire what he had done, nor what his need of money, only she said with almost a moan: "Yes, Joe, I kin do that, I kin mortgage it."

And when the storms of the night were over and the rain-washed fields and azure sky glittered in the morning, she tolled wearily up to the village on the heights beyond and mortgaged her humble home to the hard-fisted man in a dingy office who would henceforth be her arbiter in affairs temporal. The crisp, crackling bills she gave to Joe to discharge his indebtedness. And back to her washtub she went, to work harder than ever — back to the care of the exacting, querulous old woman, left, his only legacy, to her by her husband when he died.

Granny and Joe! How many years she had slaved for them! How many years unquestioningly and uncomplainingly she had borne the iron rule of the boyish tyrant who was her only son! Now he had added this burden to her already heavy cross.

For a week after she had given him the money she saw nothing of Joe. Then just at sunset again he came slowly up to the door and entered. The red light of the setting sun still lingered, reflected and scintillating on the cracked window-panes. One long lance, blood red, lay athwart the kitchen floor. A cool breeze was blowing freshly up from the west, and the distant meadows were resting quietly in the midst of the beautiful landscape. Only the little house, old and ugly, marred the splendor of the scene. It stood for human imperfection in the midst of God's perfection.

As the heavy step creaked through the low doorway the woman turned with a sudden motion.

"You, Joe?" she said, and there was a horrible sinking at her heart.

"Yes, me," he said, and he sank heavily into a seat, resting his elbow on the bare table and his face on his hand.

"What yer done now?"

She watched him narrowly as she asked the question.

"Nuthin'."

But she knew better. Going over to his side, she rested one hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Yer cayn't fool me, Joe," she said, nervously. "I know you've done sunthin'. What's the matter? Didn't ye pay the money, or hev ye done sunthin' else? An' do ye want more money? O Joe! Joe!" as he continued silent, "you'll kill me, 'deed you will."

Her voice grew husky, and agonizing sobs struggled for utterance. It was the culmination of the misery of years.

The sun went down completely out of sight, and where the blood-red lance had been a mellow moonbeam lay. One stray finger of the soft moonshine rested on the dusky head of the boy as he sat there, sullen and silent.

"Oh, Joe!"

Once again that strident voice, hoarse with trouble she did not comprehend but only feared, broke the stillness: "For God's sake, tell me what you've done now! And ef it's stealing, ef it's settin' fires, or — or — murder — yes, Joe, ef it's murder, your mother'll stand by ye."

In her earnestness she sank down on

the floor beside him and rested her head against his arm.

"Tell me, Joe," she pleaded, "tell your ma what it is?"

Then the hard look about his mouth relaxed, and laying one hand roughly on the iron gray hair of the bowed head at his side he murmured: —

"Tain't nothin', ma. It's only me. I — didn't mean to tell you — but 'stead of payin' what I ought ter with the money you got me, I — I" —

"Yes, Joe," she mumbled eagerly, "you — you" —

Tremblingly she awaited his answer.

"I spent it," he jerked out, gruffly.

For a moment there was silence. Lighted only by the moonlight that had strayed in there from those peaceful meadows without, the scene was impressive. The deep sobbing of the broken-hearted mother mingled in the solemn hush that filled the room with the heavy breathing of the dark-browed youth and peaceful inspirations from the little bedroom beyond.

Finally the sobbing ceased.

"What'll I do now, Joe?" She raised her head to ask this question.

"I dunno. Send me to jail."

He threw out one foot viciously.

"No, no!" She rose to her feet and stood there in the moonlight, the light of self-sacrifice on her face mingled with the light that rested on her from the open doorway. "No," she said in a half whisper, "I cayn't let ye do that. You're all I've got, 'xcept granny — an' I'll git ye some more. I will, 'deed I will, Joe."

"All right." The young man grunted out the words and left the room.

The next day she handed him the roll of bills that represented the second mortgage placed on the little black house under the summer skies; and the recording angel wrote with his pen of flame the story of two deeds — one, a woman's needless sacrifice and self-abnegation for an earthly idol; the other a lie — simply that, black and loathsome.

The next day Joe disappeared.

And under the changing skies a woman worked and suffered and was patient, while she denied herself the absolute necessities of life to satisfy the demands of the grim-visaged man who held two mortgages on her black-walled, humble home.

In the slums of a great city a white church stands amid its uncanny surroundings like an angel of light amid the demons of darkness. The soft music of the organ attracted the attention, one day, of a ragged, unkempt individual of the genus tramp, and he halted near the open doorway whence those strains of heavenly music had come.

The music had ceased, but to his ears came the tones of a calm, commanding voice. And these were the words it uttered: "I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me!"

A red flag nailed to one dilapidated gatepost announced an auction sale. A few wagons were backed up against the stone-wall expectantly, the horses un-

hitched and tied under a neighboring tree; and groups of men stood idly about in the sunshine. An ancient carryall with faded blue curtains stood at the front door.

Out in the yard, in wooden chairs planted firmly against the blackened, weather-beaten sides of the little house, sat two women — one old, bent and withered, the other aged, wrinkled and bowed before her time by hardships and trouble. Great tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks and were wiped away with the back of her hand. As one by one the battered furnishings of her home were brought out into the glaring sunlight, a great sob would rise in her throat and choke her; and impulsively she would reach out one toll-stained hand as if to reclaim them herself. Then it would drop despairingly into her lap, while her faded eyes sought the empty wagon at the front door. It was the almshouse conveyance.

The sale went on. The harsh tones of the auctioneer's voice rose above the subdued murmur of conversation, the buzzing of flies and the hum of harvest insects.

Slowly the things were disposed of. Then turning to the house, the auctioneer announced that it, too, would be sold to satisfy the demands of the creditor.

The old grandmother dozed contentedly in the bright sunlight. She had done with earth, and it mattered little where she went. The other woman shaded her eyes with her hand and salt tears trickled through her fingers, dropping unheeded on her rusty calico dress.

As the afternoon wore on the sun threw slanting lines over the straggling crowd, bidding dragged, and finally the house was announced as "sold to the highest bidder."

"Who is it?" whispered the woman in the faded dress to a man near her.

"I dunno, Mis' Simmons," stolidly, "a stranger, I calculate."

The man who had been standing by the team at the gate now approached. "Come," he called gruffly to the two women, "git ready, we mus' be goin'."

With an effort the younger woman rose to her feet. She was still crying.

"Come, Granny," she said tremblingly, "we mus' be goin'."

"Where?" asked the old woman, groping blindly with her cane.

"To the poor-house," was the reply, chokingly given; "it's the only home we've got now."

The unequal struggle was over. The tired woman who had so long worked and suffered for an existence had given up. She could do no more. Wearily she moved a step toward the gate.

Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd, and a hand was laid lightly on her arm.

"Mother!"

She turned and looked at the speaker. He was tall, dark and well-dressed, but she did not know him.

"Mother," he said again, "don't you remember me — Joe?"

It had been five long weary years since she had seen him.

She grasped his hand, and while he supported her, she listened tremblingly to him.

"Mother," he said, "I have come back to pay you for what you did for me. You died almost, you sacrificed everything that made your life worth anything, for me. And how did I repay you? But now I have come back. This house, these things, are mine. I am the stranger who has bought them."

He turned to the waiting overseer of the poor. "These women," he said, brokenly, "are not going with you. I am going to take care of them."

So he stood there in the vanishing light of day and amid the gathering shadows, while the curious crowd dispersed. And when they were all gone, and the last rattle of wheels had died away down the yellow pike, he turned to his mother.

"Come," he said, simply, "let us go in."

But before she would enter the house she turned and regarded him fixedly, almost doubtingly, it seemed to him.

"Is it really you, Joe?" she whispered. "An' how did it happen, Joe?"

He answered her softly: "Some Bible words did it, ma."

"An' what were they, Joe?" she asked him, solemnly, her surplus of joy shining in her eyes. In the light of the rising moon her face was glorified with sudden happiness.

Stooping slightly, the better to watch her transfigured face, the man replied gravely, reverently: "'Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.'"

Taunton, Mass.

JUDGMENT

When she lay dead,
The many looked upon her face and said,
"The life is gone, so filled with shining deeds,
So full of ministry to human needs;
And we who loved her are bereft:
What have we left?"

When she lay dead,
A man looked sternly on her face and said,
"Thank God, the evil of her life is past;
What I have known the world would know at last.

Now all is silence, peace: for me —
I shall be free!"

When she lay dead,
The great God looked from His wide heaven and said,
"Only the One who made it knows the whole
Of strength and weakness in a human soul.
Cease, then, thy wonder; peace; let be;
Leave her to Me."

—GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN, in *Lippincott's*.

FLOWERS OF AUGUST

GEORGE E. WALSH.

A GOOD deal of the ill luck in keeping flowers in good condition through the hot month of August is due to lack of knowledge concerning the needs of individual plants. One must study the character of the various garden plants either from books or direct from nature in order to attain the best success with them. General rules for all plants will hardly produce all-around excellent results.

For instance, in an ordinary season the zinnia, portulaca, and fuchsia will thrive better without artificial watering. They require a dry and warm soil, and if rain comes once or twice a week their needs of moisture will be amply supplied. Sometimes these plants show off

to perfection during a very dry period when nearly everything else in the garden is drying up.

With the exception of aquatics and young tender seedlings that have not become thoroughly established, the plants should not be watered every day. People who have a sprinkling hose make it a practice to water grass and flowers regularly every day. This is not nearly as satisfactory as if the water were withheld every other day, and the plants then given a thorough drenching. Most of the watering is merely a slight surface wetting, and the moisture dries out quickly without doing much good. The water wants to soak down to the subsoil where the plant roots are growing. Then it cannot dry out so easily, and the plants can pump it up through the hot, dry August days. The other requirements to make the plants do well in summer have been mentioned here before, but they may be emphasized by repeating. Frequent stirring of the top soil will bring moisture up from the subsoil by capillary attraction, and a light mulch of fine lawn clippings around the base of the stalks will help to keep the surface cool and moist.

PLANTS FOR VASES AND BASKETS.

Foliage and flowering plants for vases and hanging baskets are quite numerous, but unless they are selected carefully they are apt to prove failures because of the unfavorable conditions that usually prevail in such flower receptacles. The shallowness of the baskets and vases makes it almost impossible to give much soil to the plants, and then drainage is nearly always bad. As the baskets are difficult to water, this process is often neglected for some time, and again they hang either in the window where the sun is hot, or on the piazza where no sun at all reaches them. Consequently to thrive under such unfavorable conditions the plants peculiarly adapted to such purposes must be selected.

Ageratum is one of the best plants for this purpose, and it is found in nearly every hanging basket, vase, or tub of flowering plants. Seeds of this plants sown this month will produce plants for winter blooming. The plants obtained from the florists this summer can be multiplied by cuttings. The sweet alyssum is another favorite vase plant. To prepare a basket of sweet alyssum for winter blooming sow the seeds early this month. Then thin out when they are an inch high. Any quantity of white flowers can be had for autumn and winter. The lobelias are well adapted for vase and basket culture. There is quite a variety to select from, some being hardy perennials, others tender annuals, and some trailing and others low-branching plants. Most of them will bloom within a few months from seed.

Portulacas are excellent bloomers for the same purpose. This plant delights in warm sun and dry, sandy soil. There is a great variety of colors in the flowers. The double varieties have blooms like roses. The coleus, begonia, abutilon, petunia, myosotis, geranium, heliotrope, and lantana are all adapted to vase culture. Among the less known plants classed under this heading are the Mexican primrose, Mimulus, Noalana, Artile-

lery plant, Madeira vine, Veronica, Manettia vine, Cobœa, and Othonna.

HARDY CLIMBERS FROM SEED.

Most people purchase plants of hardy climbers, but as some prefer to raise them from seed, it is well to begin preparations for sowing this fall. The seeds of all the hardy climbers must be sown either in the spring or early autumn. Those sown in the fall will get well established before cold weather; then with a little protection they will do well the following season.

The Clematis Vitalba, or Virgin's Bower, is a good hardy climber that can be raised from seed with fair success. Clematis Davidiana is another vigorous grower that will stand our winter climate and produce an abundance of flowers. The blossoms are bell-shape, and deep lavender or violet in color. This is one of the most desirable of the hardy herbaceous perennials. Celastrus Scandens, or Climbing Bittersweet, is a half wild beauty that is thoroughly hardy, and very effective in its growth.

The trumpet vine, Bignonia Radicans, is also a good plant to raise from seed this fall. A good wall climber, which is both hardy and beautiful, is the Ampelopsis Velutina. This plant grows rapidly from seed, and it will cling to the smoothest surface imaginable. It should be sown in drills in well-prepared beds, and then thinned out or transplanted.

New York City.

BOYS AND GIRLS

"HIS CHOICE"

MOLLIE ANDREWS really wanted to work for Jesus. When she sang the hymn, "One More Day's Work For Jesus," she felt as if she would like to lift up the whole world. But, like many other girls, she wanted to do some high and mighty work; it did not occur to her that the King might have some little things for the "King's Daughter" to do.

The Andrews family had been wealthy, but suddenly, as is often the case, the wealth vanished. Just now they were living in a small house with only one servant. Mr. Andrews was blue, Mrs. Andrews bluer, Mollie bluest. The latter's eyes were bloodshot from many tears. Meanwhile, little Esther Andrews, aged four, wandered about the house, looking forlorn and neglected. She had always been well cared for, but now all was changed. No one seemed to realize that she was neglected, for you know when people look through blue glasses they fail to see things as they are.

Miss Melissa Steele dropped in one afternoon. Miss Melissa was a sister of Mrs. Andrews. The latter was taking a nap, so Miss Melissa and Mollie had the conversation all to themselves for awhile.

"You look as if you'd been trying to cry your eyes out; what's the matter?" said Miss Melissa, rather sharply.

"Well, I should think there was enough to cry for," wailed Mollie.

"What, for instance?" grimly.

"Why, hasn't father lost his money?"

"Not all of it; and if he had, what's the sense of crying over spilled milk? Hasn't the Lord spared all your lives? Aren't you all well?"

"But it's like a funeral here in the house."

"So it is," emphatically, "I agree with you fully; I felt it the minute I crossed the threshold. 'Tisn't right, either, for there's no one dead nor dying unless" — with a second thought — "it's that cat out there. Tillie Gubbs! She was swinging when I came along and she called out, 'Say, Miss Steele, I'm lat-tin' the old cat die.'"

Mollie laughed.

"You see," continued Miss Melissa, "I heard a girl say she was going to do some great things for Jesus. If you cannot do what you wanted to do, you can do what He wants you to."

Little Esther wandered into the room just then. Her face was not very clean, her pretty yellow hair was tangled, and her white apron was soiled. She looked as forlorn as she felt. Miss Melissa gathered her in her arms and kissed her.

"Poor little dear!" she said tenderly; and then turning to Mollie: "Don't you think it would be His choice to have you look after this baby? Little things done for Him count for more than big ones in the long run."

Presently Miss Melissa went away. When Mollie came back from the door, Esther's blue eyes regarded her wistfully.

"I wish nurse'd come back," wailed the child, "I've lonesome without her."

Mollie's conscience smote her.

"Come, dear," she said, "sister will get you ready and we'll take a walk."

A smile broke over the little face. Already a ray of sunshine had broken through the dark clouds. She laughed aloud a little later when she caught sight of herself in the glass. The sweet face was clean now, the sunny hair waving in curls about it. And how well the neat white apron with its embroidered ruffles became her! Then came the pleasant walk and the return home, little Esther carrying a tiny basket of grapes and Mollie some beautiful flowers, both gifts from loving friends they had met on the way. Mollie found plenty to do at home. She spent some time in the dining-room and kitchen. Her face was quite flushed when Becky called to the other members of the family, "Supper is served," but she was happy and smiling. The table with its flowers and fruit had a festive air, and then besides there were the dishes the father and mother loved best. They knew whom to thank for it, and Mollie's heart gave a great bound when they expressed their pleasure. At half past seven Miss Melissa popped in. Esther was riding on her father's foot; Mrs. Andrews and Mollie were doing some fancy work. They were all laughing and chatting together. The room was bright with light and sweet with the fragrance of flowers.

"Well, I do declare," said the visitor, "this morning I thought there was a funeral, and now it's a wedding. Mollie, what's come over you?"

Mollie's face flushed, and then grew radiant.

"I guess the 'wedding' is His choice, Aunt Melissa," she said.

Aunt Melissa choked down something, but pretty soon she remarked: "I'm sure it is His choice;" and leaning over to kiss Mollie, she whispered: "And I'm sure, too, that you are a dear." — *New York Observer.*

TED'S EXPERIMENT

MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

He was such an ill-used boy —
Oh, such an abused boy!
He really did feel, in the depths of his heart,
That, could he not cure it,
He could not endure it,
And his mind was made up from his home
to depart.

His brothers were selfish,
And "close" as a shell-fish,
Whenever they had any candy or fruit;
His sisters would never
(That is, hardly ever,)
Give up their opinions in any dispute.

His father and mother
Were worse than each other
At keeping a fellow from having good times;
Why, should you believe him,
The things that did grieve him
Could never be told in a reamful of rhymes!

Well, one day his brother
Did something or other
So trying that really 'twas too much to bear;
And he vowed in high dudgeon
He'd pack up and trudge on,
Some place to discover where boys could
play fair.

But ah! his decision
Was met by derision
From brothers and sisters. "You'll never be
missed!"
They cried in a chorus;
"No longer you'll bore us!"
Which astonished him so that he grew very
whist.

For he thought there'd be woe
When he said he would go,
And all this hilarity caused him much pain;
And he stood looking down
In a study quite brown
Till a brilliant idea popped into his brain:

"I'll begin this same day,
And I'll give up my way
To my brothers and sisters a week — more or
less;
I'll obey in a trice,
And then (won't it be nice?)
When I go there'll be weeping and wailing,
I guess!"

All who heard that boy speak
During all the next week
Could hardly believe 'twas himself that they
heard;
And his father and mother
Gazed hard at each other
When he cheerfully heeded their very first
word.

His brothers divided
With him, and decided
That something amazing had happened to
Ted;
While his sisters — dear me!
'Twas amazing to see
How they prized his opinions in all that was
said.

And — quite needless to say —
He did not run away;
(Indefinitely he his trip will defer.)
For he found to his joy —
This most fortunate boy —
What agreeable people his relatives were!
Boston, Mass.

OUR BOOK TABLE

The Baptist Principle in Application to Baptism and the Lord's Supper. By William Cleaver Wilkinson, D. D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Price, \$1.25.

A notable book, sent forth some years ago and hailed with the very highest encomiums, has now been greatly enlarged in size, as well as otherwise improved, and starts out on a renewed career of conquest. It is admirably adapted to fulfill its design — that of defending the Baptist position against all attack, and commending its practices as the only ones that are Scriptural. The author is refreshingly frank, straightforward, and uncompromising. He feels no disposition to yield in any degree to any weak spirit of tolerance or comprehensiveness that may be abroad in this age of laxity. He refuses to modify at all the opinions carefully formed long years since — received indeed from the fathers — but holds them with undiminished tenacity, and reiterates them with unflinching boldness. At only one point does he shrink from carrying out his premises and call upon common sense to help him against the demands of logic.

He is a little bit reluctant (and we think it honors both his head and heart) to deny that there are any Christian churches except Baptist churches, though he is forced to admit that this is the logical implication of close communion. But he clearly sees how offensive such a statement must necessarily be, and he puts it forth, moreover, as a matter of policy that Baptists cannot afford to shut themselves out from "such relation to other communities of Christians that our conforming and assimilating influence may have no chance to exert itself effectively upon them." "Comity is more serviceable to the truth," he says, "than strictness would be;" also more serviceable to denominational propaganda on account of the objections so widely prevalent just now to narrow and repulsive exclusivism and high-church pretensions.

But if Dr. Wilkinson weakens a trifle at this point, there are plenty of other standard Baptist writers who do not. No less an authority than President Strong, of Rochester, in his "Systematic Theology," says: "Bodies of Christians which refuse to accept these [Baptist] principles we may in some loose and modified sense call churches, but we cannot regard them as churches organized in all respects according to Christ's law, or as completely answering to the New Testament model of church organization." Rev. Clarence Larkin, in "Why I Am a Baptist," says: "The Baptists hold that any church whose membership have not been baptized — that is, immersed in water after a profession of their faith — though they may be believers, is not a Scripturally constituted New Testament church." Dr. W. W. Evarts, in his "Baptist Layman's Book," declares that "the equality of sects" and the endorsement of "the sectarian organizations of Christendom" must be firmly opposed. Indeed, that nobody belongs to the true church, the New Testament church, except Baptists, is the practically uniform claim of thoroughly accredited Baptist authors; and we do not understand even Dr. Wilkinson to really call in question this fundamental truth, only he thinks it more prudent not to bring it forward too openly.

According to him the Baptist principle is "Obedience to Christ." Others not only have not obeyed Christ's plain command, "but they have never exercised toward it even the spirit of obedience." How can they, then, be considered Christians at all, for the spirit of obedience and the purpose of righteousness are certainly essential to constitute a follower of Jesus. Baptists, he says, must be proselyters, "propagandists of Baptist views," by the very conditions of the case; they would otherwise "cease to be

Baptists." They do not altogether relish the name Baptists, would rather be called Christians, or obeyers of Christ. "When our brethren accept from us the principle of obedience to Christ, they and we together may be contented with the simple common name of Christians." "Open communion," he says, "is for Baptists denominational suicide." To admit of it for a moment would be for them to intermit their testimony "at a point that is incalculably important, if it be not even absolutely essential, to the life of the kingdom of Christ among men." He believes that open communion has no future whatever among American Baptists, that there is no tendency in that direction at all. Yet he fervently prays "for the advent of that day when there shall be 'one flock, one shepherd;'" produced, of course, by all other Christians (if such they may charitably be called) becoming Baptists. Whether he expects that day to dawn at a very early period, he does not explicitly say.

It seems to us that the rigid exclusiveness of the Baptists in regard to communion, and their strange assumption that no one but they even pretends to obey Christ — a position so ridiculous that it needs no refutation — constitute the greatest present obstacle to union among evangelical Christians. We can have no unity with, scarcely amity towards, those who tell us that we are either so intensely stupid that we cannot see what is as plain as the nose on the face, or so obstinately perverse that we substitute our own will for the Divine, and make the commandment of God of none effect by our tradition. It is neither in human nature nor in grace to accept such an alternative with complacency.

Our answer to those who do examine us as to why we Methodists claim to be a true church of Christ, obeying His commandments, is very simple. We do not go into the endless logomachy as to the meaning of Greek words or the significance of disputed passages of Scripture. We merely point to our history. "By their fruits ye shall know them." We think it sufficient to say that men do not gather grapes from thorns, and that a church which has accomplished as much for the welfare of the world and the propagation of righteousness as the Methodist Church, needs no further vindication of its Scriptural character or its accordance with the mind of Christ. God does not bless those who are obstinately wedded to fundamental error in the way He has blessed the Methodists. If it were falsehood that Wesley and his followers preached, falsehood on something vital to the life of the kingdom, as the Baptists declare, how can we account for the vast amount of good everywhere resulting from their labors? Methodists can show as good fruits in the shape of reformed lives and reformed communities as any other body of workers the world has ever seen. We are not afraid to compare our record with that of the Baptists in this particular. They have done well, but we are not a whit behind them. Dr. Wilkinson has the effrontery to assert that the Baptists are the "most numerous body of Christians in America, not excepting the Methodists." How he can do so in the face of the United States Census and the facts, we do not see. But it is not our numbers alone on which we rely as proofs of God's favor. It is the way those numbers have been acquired — not by proselyting from other churches or the results of immigration, but by a constant succession of genuine revivals and the outpouring of God's Spirit. It is incredible that a life could be made so marvelous a blessing to the race.

The main trouble with the Baptists is that they are so absolutely sure they are right and everybody else is wrong. They refuse to consider it a matter of interpretation, a matter on which people may honestly and reasonably differ. No, they say, it is just a

matter of obedience to Christ; we obey, you do not; and if you had "even the spirit of obedience," you would straightway become Baptists. This is intolerable. We shall never cease to protest against it. There can be no "peace with honor" between us so long as that position is adhered to. We are willing to respect the Baptist convictions if they will also respect ours. We deem it only reasonable to ask that they shall so frame theirs as to make a place for ours. We put on no airs of superiority, but we do claim equality, both in intelligence and in loyalty to the Master. Our position is that where equal numbers — waiving the point that the vast majority of Christendom is with us — of equally good and competent men see things in a totally different way on any point of doctrine, the only sensible conclusion is that no certainty is possible on the matter, and that it is not a subject of primary importance. To assert the opposite appears to us absurd. We can see nothing else in the Baptist position but an implication of infallibility as offensive and ridiculous as any of the pretensions of the Pope, to which all true Baptists are so stoutly opposed. Must we go into the twentieth century with no modification of these pretensions which stand so stoutly across the only path to Christian unity?

Magazines

— The *Century* for August has a number of features of special timeliness. Mrs. Mary Bradford Crowninshield writes a striking romance of a Spanish-American dictator, the title of her story being "Sangre de Cristo." Frederick A. Ober, late commissioner in Porto Rico for the Columbian Exposition, contributes a paper on "The Island of Porto Rico." Osgood Welsh, an American sugar-grower, brings out new facts in "Cuba as Seen from the Inside." Both of these articles are fully illustrated. Walter Russell gives the impressions of "An Artist with Admiral Sampson's Fleet," with sketches from nature of bombardments and the capture of prizes. Surgeon-General George M. Sternberg, of the United States Army, discusses "The Sanitary Regeneration of Havana." (Century Company: New York.)

— The *Atlantic Monthly* for August is largely a fiction number and contains a group of short stories and sketches of unusual variety and quality. Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell opens the number with a far-seeing article in which he shows that the conquests of the great Alexander practically limited the territorial extension of all the succeeding great historical powers. President Seth Low of Columbia follows with his thoughtful and wide-reaching Phi Beta Kappa address, "The Trend of the Century." Irving Babbitt's paper upon "Lights and Shades of Spanish Character" is instructive and illuminating. The Astronomical Reminiscences of Professor Simon Newcomb, of the United States Naval Observatory, have a happy blending of personal anecdote with a touch of scientific experience and observation. William D. Howells contributes

Bought for
Army and Navy;
Cleveland's
Baking Powder

a sketch of the late Edward Bellamy, appreciative and sympathetic. Gilbert Parker's "Battle of the Strong" continues to increase in interest with each succeeding instalment. The whole number is one of special interest, and strikingly appropriate both to the time and the season. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston.)

The special features of *Harper's Magazine* for August are: "The Convict System in Siberia," by Stephen Bonsal; "Under the Spell of the Grand Canyon," by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D.; "If the Queen had Abdicated," "Mr. Gladstone: Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and an Estimate," by George W. Smalley; "The Monster" (illustrated by Peter Newell), by Stephen Crane. The number contains, also, the conclusion of Henry Seton Merriman's novel, "Roden's Corner," illustrated by T. de Thulstrup; and "The Child's Mother," the fifth of the series of "Old Chester Tales," by Margaret Deland, illustrated by Howard Pyle. (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

The notable contributions in the last *Quarterly Journal of Economics* are: "Why is Economics Not an Evolutionary Science?" "The French Workmen's Compensation Act;" "The Gas Supply of Boston (I); and "The Settlement in the Coal Mining Industry." (Published for Harvard University by George H. Ellis, Boston.)

Scribner's for August is characterized by the editor as a "Fiction Number," but the majority of appreciative readers would be more likely to call it a war number. There are two contributions from the pen of Richard Harding Davis — one entitled "The Rocking Chair Period of the War," and the other "The Landing of the Army." "The Sea is His," a poem with eight illustrations, is a very fine piece of art in colors. Capt. Mahan, Senator Lodge and Thomas Nelson Page continue their attractive serials. (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.)

The *Contemporary Review* for July is a very interesting and valuable number. The leading contribution is, "The Cuban Insurrection." To show how largely the present war of this country with Spain is made the leading topic in the magazines of Europe, it is only necessary to point out that the second article is upon "Spain and the Philippine Islands." Norman Hapgood writes discriminatingly upon "Gladstone." Vernon Lee presents a paper upon "Gospels of Anarchy," and Frederic Harrison writes of "Ideal London." (Leonard Scott Publication Co.: New York.)

The July-August number of the *Methodist Review* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, maintains the high standard, both in contributions and in the editorial departments, that it has reached under the present editor. Among the notable contributions of this issue are the following: "Seneca: A Seeker After God;" "Napoleon and the Jews: The Sanhedrin of 1807;" "Excursions from Boston." Under the head of "Topics of the Day," there is an editorial with the caption, "ZION'S HERALD and the General Conference," and nearly five pages are devoted to it. We are gratified to note that the editor of the *Review* has caught perfectly the purpose and aspiration of the editor of ZION'S HERALD in the reports he made of the recent session of the General Conference of the Church South. (Barbee & Smith: Nashville.)

The *American Journal of Sociology* for July is a bright and suggestive number. Among the leading contributions the following should be noted: "The United States Supreme Court and the Utah Eight-Hours Law;" "The Relief and Care of Dependents;" "Some Demands of Education upon Anthropology." Students in sociology will highly appreciate this number, as they will

all of the issues. (University of Chicago Press: Chicago.)

The symposium on "The Kingdom of God," in the *Biblical World* for July, gives character to this number. Among those who express opinions are Lyman Abbott, Amory H. Bradford, Marvin R. Vincent, and Francis G. Peabody. "The Feminine Ideal of Christianity," by the eminent Scotch minister, Dr. George Matheson, is a very suggestive paper. (The University of Chicago Press: Chicago.)

Music for July maintains its reputation as the leading musical monthly. Prominent among the contributions of this number may be mentioned: "Glinka, Founder of the Russian School of Music;" "On the Preliminary Training of Piano Pupils;" "Remenyi's Last Appearance in Boston." The special departments are full and valuable. (Music Magazine Publishing Co.: Chicago.)

Literary Notes

Dr. Max Nordau's new novel, "The Drones Must Die," will not be published in London until the autumn.

Mr. Henry James, the novelist, has purchased a house in the picturesque English town of Rye, where he intends to spend the rest of his days.

Mr. A. Quiller Couch has written a new novel, which will make its first appearance as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine*. This is "Q's" first long work since "The Blue Pavilions."

Mr. Gilbert Parker was recently elected a life member of the Royal Society of Canada and honored with the degree of D. C. L. by the Trinity University of Toronto, where he had just delivered a lecture on "The Art of Fiction."

Lee & Shepard announce for early publication a new and popular edition of Amanda M. Douglas' novels. This is to fulfill the demand for a cheaper edition. Among the fifteen titles making up the set are "Lost in a Great City," "Nelly Kinnard's Kingdom," "Out of the Wreck," and "The Fortunes of the Faradays."

Says the *Literary World*: "That man of 'rapid impulses and showy speeches,' as the *Spectator* calls him, the German Emperor, just now the most dangerous man in Europe, has allowed to be published by Dunckmann of Hanover a collection of his speeches, 'Kaiserworte,' a handsome volume, every page of which is enclosed in a border specially designed and surmounted by imperial insignia."

Mr. William B. Hadley, lately president of the New Amsterdam Book Co., and Mr. E. Roscoe Mathews, for some time connected with Charles Scribner's Sons, have formed a partnership in the book business, and will make a specialty of importations of English works.

"The passing of the *Chap-Book*," says the *Independent*, "is announced. The *Dial* has bought the publication; and now that the *Critic* has changed from the form of a weekly paper to that of a monthly magazine, the *Dial* practically is in possession of its own field of literary journalism. The *Chap-Book* was founded in 1894 by two Harvard undergraduates, Messrs. Stone and Kimball, and became such a success that within two years \$12,000 is said to have been refused for it. It has been edited by Mr. Stone with the assistance of Mr. Bliss Carman at the beginning, and of Mr. H. G. Rhoades during the last four years."

An interesting news item to the publishing world is the reorganization and incorporation, on July 1, of the Frank Leslie Publishing House, founded in 1855 by Frank Leslie, and since 1880 the exclusive property

of Mrs. Frank Leslie. The president of the new company is Mrs. Frank Leslie, while Mr. Frederic L. Colver, who has managed the property for the past three years, is secretary and treasurer. Extensive improvements will be made in the printing plant and in all departments of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* this fall.

Mr. H. E. Scudder has withdrawn from the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he is succeeded by Mr. Walter H. Page, who has conducted the magazine during Mr. Scudder's absence in Europe the past year. Mr. Scudder's release from editorial duties will enable him to devote himself more exclusively to important literary work. He continues his connection with the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with which he has so long been associated.

The story that Mr. Crockett was simultaneously writing two novels on what newspapers showed were identical themes has at last been set aright by the *Pocket Magazine*. What has been referred to as "The Brigands" and "The Silver Skull," respectively, are really one and the same book, whose title is "The Silver Skull." This story was at first called "The Brigands" by its author, as it is a tale of adventure in Italy in the early part of the century. The novel will be brought out in August by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

One of the newspaper men who interviewed Rudyard Kipling during his recent visit to South Africa writes of him in the *Cape Times*: "He takes his work hard. He is tremendously in earnest about it; anxious to give of his best; often dissatisfied with his best. He is quite comically dissatisfied with success; quite tragically haunted by the fear that this or that piece of work, felt intensely by himself in writing, and applauded even by high and mighty critics, is in reality cheap and shoddy in execution, and will be cast in damages before the higher court of posterity. When Rudyard Kipling had written 'The Recessional,' which two hemispheres felt to be one of the very truest and soundest pieces of work done by any writing man in our day and generation, he was so depressed by its shortcomings of his private conception that he threw the rough copy in the waste-paper basket. Thence Mrs. Kipling rescued it. But for Mrs. Kipling we should have had no 'Recessional.' For his best patriotic poems he has declined to accept any pay."

American Missionary

Letter From a Minister's Wife in India—How She Keeps Well Through the Long Summer.

The following is from Mrs. P. H. Moore, the wife of a Baptist minister in Nowgong, Assam, India:

"I have been in Assam since January, 1880, with the exception of one year in America. After being here for several years I found the climate was weakening me and my blood was altogether too thin. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla every summer. This I found so beneficial that since my return to Assam in 1891 I have taken one dose of Hood's Sarsaparilla every day, the first thing in the morning, for 9 months in the year, that is, through the hot weather. My weight does not vary more than one pound throughout the year. My general health has been excellent and my blood is in good condition." MRS. P. H. MOORE. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Hood's Pills

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Third Quarter Lesson VII

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14, 1898.

2 KINGS 4: 25-37.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

THE SHUNAMMITE'S SON

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.* — Psa. 55: 22.

2. DATE: About B. C. 890; revised chronology, B. C. 852.

3. PLACES: Shunem, on the southwestern slope of Little Hermon, three or four miles north of Jezreel; Mt. Carmel, overlooking the Mediterranean.

4. CONNECTION: Elisha's temporary residence at Mt. Carmel; his advice to the kings of Judah and Israel in the war with Moab; the episode of the she-bears out of the wood tearing the scoffers who "mocked him"; his assistance to a poor widow and her son, by miraculously increasing her oil; the hospitality extended to him by the Shunammite woman rewarded by her having a son.

5. HOME READINGS: Monday — 2 Kings 4: 8-17. Tuesday — 2 Kings 4: 18-24. Wednesday — 2 Kings 4: 25-37. Thursday — 2 Kings 8: 1-6. Friday — Luke 7: 11-17. Saturday — Luke 8: 41, 42, 49-55. Sunday — Psa. 116: 1-13.

II Introductory

In his official circuits from his home in Samaria Elisha frequently passed through Shunem, with his servant Gehazi. There dwelt there "a great woman," prominent in wealth and character, who offered him hospitality; and as he frequently passed that way, and she perceived him to be "a holy man of God," she took counsel with her aged husband, and had built for him "a little chamber on the wall" of her house, which she furnished with "a table, a bed, a stool, and a candlestick." Elisha would have gladly rewarded her kindness by mentioning her name to the king or the captain of the host, but she needed no favors which they could bestow. Gehazi suggested to the prophet her childlessness, and the rich lady's deepest yearning was met when Elisha predicted that she should become a mother within a year.

The prediction was fulfilled. The infant grew to boyhood. One day, in the harvest season, he went out to the field to find his father among the reapers. The rays of the sun proved to be too fierce for him. He complained of his head; and his father, not suspecting anything but a childish ailment, sent him home by a servant. His mother took him fondly to her arms and applied restoratives, but in vain. He lingered in a stupor until noon, and then the heart ceased to beat, and the face grew cold and white — he was dead. What the mother felt in that awful bereavement, we know not; but we are told what she did. She did not shriek with grief. She showed none of the usual extravagance of Oriental sorrow. With lips firmly set she carried the loved form to the prophet's chamber and laid it upon the bed. Then with tearless eyes she went to her husband and asked for a servant and an ass that she might go to Mount Carmel to see the prophet. Waiving his objections that it was neither new moon nor Sabbath, she got what she wanted and started with all haste on her journey.

As she approached Carmel, Elisha saw

her "afar off," recognized her, and sent Gehazi to meet her, with particular inquiries after the health of herself, her husband, and her child. Hurrying past him, with a simple *shalom*, the woman climbed the hill, and fell at the prophet's feet, clasping them in dumb but passionate appeal. Gehazi would have removed her, but the prophet forbade him. The woman's sorrow had not been revealed to him, and he waited. When she found words, she reminded him that it was he who predicted for her a child, and then he understood the case. Gehazi was immediately dispatched to lay the prophet's staff on the face of the dead boy. Elisha and the Shunammite followed after. The staff proved unavailing. On reaching the house the prophet was closeted alone with the dead. Following Elijah's example he resorted unto prayer. Then he stretched himself on the lifeless form till the flesh "waxed warm." He repeated the act, and the child, after sneezing, opened his eyes. Summoning Gehazi, he bade him call the mother; and the grateful woman, first prostrating herself before him in mute thankfulness, "received her dead raised to life again," and bore him away in her happy arms.

III Expository

25. So she went — the woman riding, the servant on foot and doing the driving, either by urging the beast forward by a goad from behind, or by holding the bridle (close up to the mouth) and running by the side of his head. The preceding verses should be read in order to understand the sense. Came . . . to Mount Carmel — a long, hot ride of at least four hours (about fifteen miles). Man of God saw her. — He could easily, from his altitude, see any one crossing the Plain of Esdraelon, and would be able to discover who it was when she came near. Her rapid driving, too, and unexpected coming, would attract his attention, and excite suspicions that something serious had happened. Said to Gehazi — first mentioned as Elisha's servant in connection with the Shunammite (verse 14). He had been the attendant of Elijah also. But for his avarice and cunning it seems likely that he, too, might have been a prophet instead of the progenitor of a race of lepers.

26. Run now . . . to meet her — a mark of true courtesy on the prophet's part. Gehazi is to inquire after the health of each member of the family. She answered, It is well — in the original, *shalom*; which may be rendered "Peace!" or "Never mind!" or "Don't trouble me with questions!" Says Rawlinson: "The word is of such ambiguous meaning that the woman's tongue cannot be taxed with falsehood." The woman had not come to see the servant, but the prophet. In her intensity of feeling she passed him with a simple *shalom*, and urged her beast up the hill. She caught him by the feet (R. V., "caught hold of his feet") — an act of true Oriental supplication. All these long hours she had kept her grief in check, and now that she has reached the man of God, she falls at his feet and clasps them in speechless appeal. She cannot surrender that fair boy to death. He had come to her as a special gift of God, and did God intend to mock her? The great Elijah had raised the widow's son to life, and it was through Elisha that the bliss of maternity had been granted to her. Had not Elisha the power to restore? Was the case utterly hopeless? She would not believe it. Gehazi came near to thrust her away. — He had no perception of the deep emotion that actuated the woman. He officiously steps in to protect his master from

what he thinks must be offensive behavior. Let her alone. — Elisha was puzzled, but not annoyed. He would not have the woman disturbed. Evidently some terrible thing had happened. She must have suffered some awful stroke to fly to him in this fashion and clasp his feet. The Lord hath hid it from me — a clear intimation of the limits of the prophetic consciousness. A prophet was cognizant of outside facts only as they were revealed to him.

28. Did I desire a son of my lord? — She does not say, "My child is dead!" and abandon herself to grief. She had a purpose in her coming. With intense significance she demands of Elisha if, back in her childless days, she had complained to him that she had no child. She had not been the one to express the passionate desire of her heart. It was Elisha, not she, who had first suggested it. Did I not say, Do not deceive me? — Her deep nature, trembling with the new hope which Elisha's prediction had inspired, had begged him quench it then and there rather than trifle with it. We almost forget, in this colloquy, that this Shunammite was "a great woman" socially — "wealthy, dignified, hospitable," not needing anything that the king could offer her.

29. Gird up thy loins. — Gehazi is bidden to prepare for an immediate and hasty journey. Salute him not. — He was to waste no time in giving or receiving salutations by the way; he was not to lose a moment. Lay my staff upon the face of the child — why, is not apparent. Among the conjectures are, that he hoped that the child was not really dead, and that "utter decease might yet be prevented by swift interference" (Bahr); that he might delegate to his disciple Gehazi the power of which the staff was an emblem; that, having no intimation what God would have him do, he sent the staff to excite hope in the afflicted mother's heart.

30, 31. I will not leave thee. — It was through Elisha the gift came, and through him it must be restored. She vowed not to leave him. Gehazi might be sent, but the prophet must go in person. Neither voice nor hearing. — The prophet's staff, laid as directed upon the child's face, failed to recall the departed spirit. The child is not awaked. — Such was Gehazi's report to the prophet and the woman, whom he went back to meet. Says Rawlinson: "The euphemism by which death is spoken of as a sleep, was already familiar to the Jews."

32, 33. The child was dead — really, not apparently; not a swoon, but actual death. Shut the door upon them twain — shutting out the mother and Gehazi, as well as other spectators who would be attracted to the chamber. Prayed unto the Lord. — So Elijah had prayed (1 Kings 17: 21) in a similar emergency. Undoubtedly this prayer was an earnest wrestling with God, "with strong crying and tears."

34, 35. Lay upon the child — not disdaining the use of such means as appeared useful, and which Elijah had employed. He did not dread ceremonial uncleanness in this attempt to invade the province of death. So our Lord touched the leper. His mouth upon his mouth. — Elisha's attitude "bore the same relation to this miracle which the spittle and washing in Siloam did to the miracle by which Jesus gave sight to the man blind from his birth" (Terry). The flesh . . . waxed warm — first sign of a restored circulation and vitality. Returned and walked in the house — rose up and paced up and down in the room, perhaps made restless by the emotions of joy and wonder and gratitude which the evidences of the returning life excited; perhaps waiting for the miracle to be completed. Stretched himself — repeating the former act. Child sneezed seven times —

signs of restored respiration. Opened his eyes — to life.

36, 37. Called Gehazi. — He seems to have carried on his intercourse with this woman through his servant. Take up thy son — welcome, joyful words to that anxious, sorely-afflicted heart. Fell at his feet — repressing her maternal yearnings till she had first acknowledged God's great goodness towards her to the prophet who had so worthily acted as its medium. In her behavior, under joy as well as under grief, she is one of the most remarkable cases on record among women, of reticence and self-control.

As might be expected, there have not been wanting rationalistic interpreters who have explained this miracle as a case of suspended animation or a fit of apoplexy, and Elisha's efforts as the manipulations of animal magnetism by which sensation was restored. Of course, such expositors ignore or deny the plain statement that the child was dead, and so do not explain, but contradict and torture the word of Scripture (Terry).

IV Inferential

1. "Celestial benedictions" sometimes assume a "dark disguise."
2. Death has all seasons for its own.
3. He knew well the human heart who promised, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."
4. What will not mother love do for a periled child so long as a glimmer of hope remains?
5. How instinctively in times of trouble does the heart turn to "the man of God!"
6. A deeply-formed purpose carries a soul like an arrow to its mark.
7. The eloquence of deep grief does not need words.
8. There are duties that will not tolerate delay.
9. Prayer is the great miracle-worker; and yet we should work as well as pray.
10. A strong character may possess powerful emotions, but will always hold them in control.
11. Our best lessons come to us through our bereavements.

V Illustrative

1. If I seat myself upon my cushion, it is by her [my mother's] side; if I sing, it is to her ear; if I walk the paths or the meadows, my little hand is in my mother's, and my little feet keep company with hers; if I stand and listen to the piano, it is because my mother's fingers touch the keys; if I survey the wonders of creation, it is my mother who points out the objects of my admiring attention; if a hundred cannon pronounce a national salute, I find myself clinging to her knees; when my heart bounds with its best joy, it is because, at the performance of some task or the recitation of some verses, I receive a present from her hand. There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose so lovely as her smile, no path so flowery as that imprinted by her footsteps (Bishop Thomson).

2. Dr. Payson, visiting a mother who was disconsolate for the loss of a child, said: "Suppose, now, some one was making a beautiful crown for you to wear; and you knew it was for you, and that you were to receive it and wear it as soon as it was done. Now if the maker of it were to come, and, in order to make the crown more beautiful and splendid, were to take some of your jewels to put into it, should you be sorrowful and unhappy because they were taken away for a little while, when you knew they were gone to make up your crown?" (Foster's Cyclopaedia.)

3. We see with wonder how the God-man stretches Himself upon our cold, lifeless humanity, that was dead in trespasses and in sins; and even contracts Himself to the narrow span of our infancy, childhood, man-

hood; His blessed mouth and eyes and hands come into contact with our own. He breathes upon us the Holy Ghost, and we are quickened and warmed into a new and eternal life. We are thus raised from spiritual death, and our ears hear, and our eyes see, and our hands handle the word of life (Terry).

4. A young lieutenant of a Rhode Island regiment had his right foot shattered by a fragment of a shell, and was taken to the hospital in Washington to undergo amputation. Word was sent to his mother, but with no hoping of her coming. Unknown to him, she hastened to Washington, found the hospital and her suffering son with a nurse beside him who fanned him and held his hand while he slept. The mother was allowed to take the nurse's place in the darkness. She felt his pulse, as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken. The soldier opened his eyes and said, "That feels like my mother's hand. Who is this beside me? Turn up the gas, and let me see my mother!" The two embraced, and wept with such emotions as no other relation and circumstances could know (Foster's Cyclopaedia).

FOREIGN WORK ON THE HOME SHORE

M. V. M.

THE Woman's Home Missionary Society is carrying on mission work among the Italians of New Orleans. There are about thirty thousand of these people in that city, and the question, "What are these among so many?" might well be asked. But we are dealing with supernatural forces in this kind of work, and we are at liberty to call nothing common or unclear. A true incident of the work illustrates this forcibly.

In one of the Sunday meetings at the Ridge Mission last year an Italian was converted. His wife was under deep conviction, but would not yield. The husband's father in Italy, a Roman Catholic of considerable wealth, had asked the son to come home and care for his property while he lived, promising that it should be his at his own death. Quite naturally the prudent wife feared that trouble might arise from following Christ.

A Bible was given to the Italian before he

left for Italy, and when he reached home he gave it to his father. The old gentleman read it earnestly, not knowing what it was, and when told that it was the Word of God, he accepted it as his guide and gave himself to the Christ there revealed. The daughter-in-law yielded at the same time, and the three joyfully told the story to the neighbors who came in groups to hear the Word of God read. The whole community became interested, and as a matter of course persecution followed, with the usual result — the strengthening of the believers. And so Christ is being preached today to eager hearers as the result of the conversion of one man in the humble mission in New Orleans, where two devoted Christian women worked and prayed, wondering often if they would ever be permitted to see any fruits of their labors here. How little they dreamed that they were doing good work for foreign missions right on our own shores!

So the workmen work together, and in the harvest-time all will come up with rejoicing, "bringing their sheaves with them."

New York City.

Under the title, "A Christian Hero," the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* says with charming force: "A hero belongs to no creed, color or nationality; he is the possession of the race to which he belongs. We are glad to do honor to such a man — the Rev. Anthony Kessler, a Roman Catholic priest of New York, who was a passenger on the ill-fated French steamer 'Bourgogne,' which went down with so many hundreds of precious lives, a few weeks ago. Amid the excitement and alarm, when men were acting worse than brutes, striking down helpless women and children and trampling over one another in their mad efforts to escape, the heroic priest walked the deck speaking words of religious comfort and cheer to the people, and bestowing upon them his blessing. He seemed to have no thought of himself, nor of any effort to escape, but only of the frightened and imperiled people about him."

Lake Chautauqua was never more popular than this season. The cause perhaps is the Fitchburg Railroad's low rates and superb service.

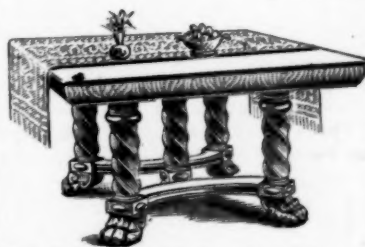
LARKIN SOAPS

AND PREMIUMS. FACTORY TO FAMILY

The Larkin Soap is fully explained in beautiful free booklet. Free sample soap if mention this paper.

Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Larkin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

RESPECT YOURSELF



Lucullus sups with Lucullus? "

There are some persons who deny themselves a good dining table on the excuse that they so rarely have any guests to dinner that they do not feel they can incur the expense. Apparently they do not once consider themselves.

Nineteen hundred years have passed since the Roman general reprimanded his servant for his lack of consideration in this same direction: "Didst thou not know that this evening

It is none too good a table and you are none too poor a person to own it. True, it looks costly, but that is only a part of the clever craft of the designer, who has made a generous proportion suggest a large expenditure.

In our present exhibition of Dining Tables we have made a feature of very low prices. You can buy a Dining Table of us this week for a pitifully small sum.

PAINE FURNITURE CO.

RUGS, DRAPERIES and FURNITURE

48 CANAL STREET

UNTO YOU THAT BELIEVE HE IS PRECIOUS

DR. H. P. ANDREWS.

Go, sit at the feet of the Crucified One,
And look in the face of God's dear Son;
And list to the words He is speaking to you,
So loving and tender, inspiring and true;
And feast your soul on the heavenly food
That shall make you strong, and noble, and good.

It may be long years before the glad day
Shall come for thy spirit to hasten away
From the cares of earth and the toils of life,
From its hopes and fears, its labor and strife;
But the rest of the heart, in God's sweet love,
Shall lift you in triumph all sorrows above.

Yes, rest in sweet trust, and let all the days
Be filled with gladness, and joy, and praise;
Assured that, though sometimes dark as the night,
The eve shall flash with a radiance bright.
And the cloudless setting of life's clear sun
Be fair with the joys of victories won.

Oh, the peaceful rest of the happy soul
That yields to the Father's loving control!
And the joy and the comfort, all discord above,
That comes with infinite sweetness and love,
And rests on the spirit that's turning away
From the dark night of earth to heaven's bright day.

Sutton, N. H.

GENERAL JAMES APPLETON

REV. G. F. DURGIN.

THE Maine Legislature was the arena in which constitutional prohibition won its first victory, but Essex County, Mass., was the place of planning to make battle with law against the liquor business. Gen. Neal Dow worked out the plan for legal suppression of the iniquitous traffic, but it was Gen. James Appleton, of Ipswich, who furnished that plan, and who gave the "Grand Old Man" of Maine the inspiration for his great life service.

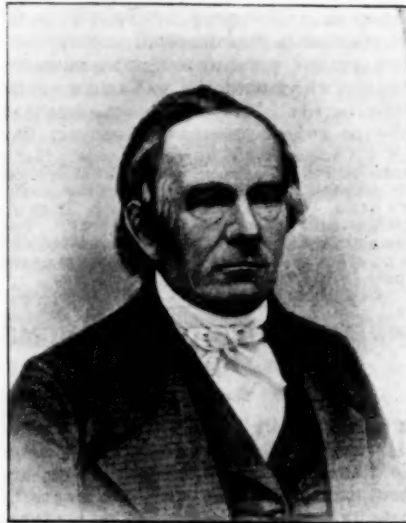
James Appleton was born in Ipswich, Mass., in 1786, moved to Marblehead early in life, was at one time a member of the Massachusetts General Court, and was colonel of a regiment in the war of 1812. He was an outspoken abolitionist and the friend of the leaders in the anti-slavery party and movement.

As the originator of the plan of legal prohibition of liquor-selling I write of him. "It came to him in 1831 as a sudden revelation that the way to stop intemperance was to stop it." Forthwith he prepared a petition to the General Court "praying that the sale of liquor in any quantity less than thirty gallons be forbidden by law." This proposition was evidently meant as the first step toward unconditioned prohibition, for in the discussion which followed in the *Salem Gazette*, where he was much opposed even by temperance men, he said: "A law should be passed prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits. It has been proved again and again, by competent witnesses, that so far from being valuable to any one purpose, it is the direst calamity that ever visited our world."

Mr. Appleton moved to Portland, Maine, in 1833, was elected to the legis-

lature in 1836, and, as chairman of a joint committee, on Feb. 24, 1837, reported the first bill for prohibitive legislation on the liquor traffic. This bill was tabled, probably without discussion, but its principle became the "Maine Law" in 1851.

General Appleton was in business in Portland till 1853. Neal Dow was accus-



James Appleton

tomed to visit him often in his "shop" or office. The two became firm friends and delighted much in the discussion of this theme of common interest. It was thus probably that the younger man received inspiration and impulse to do what the older man had planned and longed to see accomplished.

From 1853 General Appleton spent his remaining years on the Ipswich homestead—which is now known as "The Farms," having several beautiful residences and owned by the son, the Hon. D. F. Appleton, and his family, of New York. At his fireside General Appleton often spoke with profound thankfulness of the progress of his beloved cause, and, with a proper sense of pride, of the part he had had in originating the movement.

Rev. I. J. P. Collyer, in writing the history of the Ipswich Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1864, quotes from the journal of Rev. Jesse Lee a record, substantially as follows: "Friday, Aug. 12, 1791, I rode to Appleton in the old parish of Ipswich. When I got there the woman of the house met me in the door of the house and began to weep and said she had found the Lord precious to her soul; that she was deeply affected by my preaching when I was round two weeks before; and when she heard me the last evening she was so distressed that she could not rest, and returned home, crying to the Lord to have mercy upon her, till about two o'clock in the morning, at which time the Lord set her soul at liberty. She was satisfied that her sins were forgiven and said, 'Let others say what they will against you, I bless the Lord that I ever heard your voice.'" Mr. Collyer adds: "This person is supposed to be General Appleton's

mother. We have no certain data in the case."

Mrs. Appleton did not become a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was organized thirty-one years later, in 1822, but it is no difficult imagination to see in this incident Methodism's early relation to, and inspiration of, the modern prohibitory movement.

Ipswich, Mass.

JACK TARS AT PRAYER

The Cob Dock Mission and its Lamented Founder

THE faint, sweet tones of an organ prelude floated through the gathering dusk from the open windows of the low, yellow building. The loungers ceased their badinage; the marine sentry pacing up and down his beat halted, and even the passerby involuntarily paused to listen as a single voice, a woman's, rose on the evening stillness:—

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on."

So much she sang alone, and then two-score of voices, men's voices, strong and rugged, joined hers:—

"The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on."

Fervently the words of the beautiful hymn rang out to the end, and as they died away the marine, who had dropped the butt of his rifle softly to the ground path, carried it to his shoulder once more, and paced slowly back and forth; the passerby went soberly

Vigor & Verdicts

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR fulfills all the promises made for it, is the verdict of those who have tried it.

Ayer's

Hair

"I have sold AYER'S HAIR VIGOR for fifteen years and do not know of a single case where it did not give entire satisfaction."—P. M. GROVE, Faunsdale, Ala.

Vigor

"AYER'S HAIR VIGOR does all that is claimed for it. It restored my hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color—dark brown."—W. H. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N.J.

Did It

"My head became full of dandruff, and after a time my hair began to fall out. The use of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR stopped the falling out and made the scalp clean and healthy."—MRS. C. M. AYRES, Mount Airy, Ga.

on his way, and the loungers were silent. Their jests had lost relish. One by one they straightened themselves up, and, looking half doubtfully at each other, with a common impulse turned their steps toward the building, from the open windows of which the light streamed out upon them.

One would hardly look for a scene of this kind on the Cob Dock of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and yet every Sunday morning and evening and on Wednesday evening the large room on the upper floor of the low yellow building, known as Library Hall, which stands facing the ship channel, and but a few steps from the ferry landing, is filled with men, most of them clad in the blue of the navy, but among them, perhaps, a half-score of men and women from the outside world who are interested in the Cob Dock Mission work. The meetings are open to the public, and whoever will may gain admittance to the Yard for the purpose of attending them.

"I am going to the Cob Dock meeting," is the countersign that will pass one through the yard gate and over the little chain ferry that piles across the ship channel. When once across one has but to turn slightly to the left, along a board walk and climb the narrow stairways that lead to the second floor at either end of Library Hall.

Severe and simple in its furnishings is this little mariners' house of worship. At one end of the long room is a platform extending from wall to wall. Upon it are a cabinet organ, a few chairs and a plain reading desk. Down below, just in front of it, is a piano, while stretching across the room down its entire length are wooden settees, for the worshippers. There is no show, no attempt at ornamentation, no coloring but the blue of the uniforms and the little bunch of flowers that some woman's hand has placed on the chaplain's desk — "God's colors," a sailor called them the other evening.

The Sunday morning service begins at 10:30 and closes an hour later. The evening services begin at 7:30 and end at 8:30, for "hammocks" is sounded a half hour later, and the worshippers in blue must be aboard the recruiting ship "Vermont" before the ship's bell sounds. All these services are now conducted by Chaplain Holway of the "Vermont," but until the latter part of May, when he died so unexpectedly, John M. Wood, the Navy Yard missionary of the Seamen's Friend Society, was in charge of the mission, his wife leading the singing, and presiding at the organ. This she still continues today. The story of this devoted missionary is familiar to every man in the Navy. Thirteen years ago a sailor, discharged at last for "chronic alcoholism," a final spree, was converted by a hymn as he passed the door of a Water Street mission on the way to end his life in the East River, and then came his long, earnest struggle to aid and succor his old shipmates. "We feel that we have lost a brother and a friend," said Capt. Merrill Miller, the "Vermont's" commander, in speaking of him.

Chaplain Holway, who now conducts the mission, follows out the simple plan that Mr. Wood pursued. Each service is opened by the singing of a hymn, and this is followed by a short prayer, read from the Episcopal service. Other hymns succeed, with perhaps a prayer offered by some one of the worshippers, and then comes an address by the Chaplain or some visitor. On Sunday mornings the Chaplain preaches or makes a little longer address than at other times, and perhaps a show of hands by those who want to be Christians is asked for. When it is, there is no doubtfulness, no delay, in the response. These hardy seamen are not afraid to lift their hands before their messmates, and in all parts of the room big, bronzed arms go up in answer. Sometimes the men who attend, and who are for the most part

recently enlisted, are asked to give testimony that may help others. And this is how they gave it at the last meeting on Wednesday evening. One of the men rising in his seat said: —

"I have a shipmate who has been greatly touched by these meetings, and I am trying to help him and lead him to Christ. Pray for him and me."

"I have enlisted," said another, "and I have left my little family at home in God's care till this war is ended. I know He will care for them."

"At my country's call, when a mere boy in '61," said a third, "I have left home to uphold her honor. Now the war fever has caught me again, and I have left wife and family to fight for the flag I love. Pray for me, as I will pray for my messmates aboard whatever vessel I may go."

"I am not ashamed," declared another, "to confess Christ here or anywhere. I am far from my earthly home tonight and a stranger to you all, but Christ is no stranger to me, and I want you to know that I recognize Him. It makes no difference to me if I say it before twenty or twenty thousand."

This testimony, crude as it appeared, carries with it a strength and influence which those who have the mission work in charge consider of marked value.

A visitor who heard it the other evening, after leaving the meeting said: "I believe there is a sermon for all of us in each one of those little homely speeches."

In addition to Chaplain Holway, who is the senior chaplain in the service, the Cob Dock Mission is looked after by Rev. Dr. W. C. Stitt of the Seamen's Friend Society, who frequently addresses the meetings, and who has just obtained for it a large amount of religious reading matter which will be distributed among the ships in the South. The Government has also taken some interest in the Mission, and only lately expended nearly \$1,000 in fitting up Library Hall for its accommodation. — *Commercial Advertiser*.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald's Short Talk

At the late Christian Endeavor Convention in Nashville, Tenn., Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was asked to take the place of Gov. Robert L. Taylor, who was unavoidably absent. The Bishop spoke as follows: —

"I can't make Gov. Taylor's speech today. If he were here, he would say something. He would say that in the fraternal baptism of this war this nation had been launched through the golden gate of fraternal patriotism upon a Pacific Ocean of felicity. He would say that the American eagle had dipped one wing in the waters of the Pacific and the other in the waters of the Atlantic, and was ready to flop his pinions and sprinkle the nations with the waters of freedom. He would say that the national tunes were 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Dixie' and were being sung from Maine to Texas and from Manila to Cuba, and the continent rolling the glad hosanna round. For the special benefit of Spain we give 'Hail Columbia.' This is something like what Gov. Taylor would say. For myself I feel like repeating my short creed: 'I love everybody in the world, some more than others.' This includes Spain. When she knows that she has had enough, then I want to give her rest."

"This is not the first warm reception the South has given visitors from other parts of our country. From 1860 to 1898 — what hath God wrought! It is His work. Glory be to His name!"

"Our civil war was not of our own making. It was an inheritance from our forefathers. It was put into the Federal Constitution. We will bequeath peace to our children and our children's children to the latest genera-

tion. With the close of this war with Spain our national unity will be complete. It is complete. The bloody chasm is not merely bridged, it is filled up, it is gone! The hand-shaking and heart throbs on this platform and in this vast assemblage demonstrate the blessed consummation. With the roll of the guns of Dewey, Sampson and Schley mingles the melody of a nation's reunion hymn today."

"It is thought by some that there are other nations who sympathize with Spain. But I doubt it. I am reminded of the old colored preacher who, toward the close of his sermon, said: 'Brutherin and sisters, in all your troubles, trials and afflictions in dis world, there's one place whar you'll always find sympathy.' Here he paused impressively, and an old sister asked: 'Whar?' 'In de dictionary,' was the answer. That is about the only place where Weyler and his successors could find sympathy on this earth now. Spain would be glad to find sympathy and help, but they are not in sight anywhere. When we get through with Spain, the situation will be such as to remind us of an incident that took place before our civil war. A young Negro ran away from his master in Virginia and went to New York. Here he had bad luck; he had a long spell of sickness; he couldn't get work; and in a fight with an Irishman he came near having his head broken. At last he was reduced to actual want, and one day approaching a group of gentlemen on one of the chief business streets of the city, he asked for alms. 'Why did you run away from home?' asked the spokesman of the party. 'Because I wanted to be free,' answered the ducky. 'Did you have a hard master?' asked the gentleman. 'No, sir,' he answered, 'my master was a good man; he never struck me a blow in his life; he fed and clothed me well, and I lacked for nothing for my comfort in these respects.' 'You were a great fool not to stay where you were so well off,' said the gentleman. The other members of the group one after another expressed the same view. The

NIAGARA VAPOR.. BATHS...



We are the original manufacturers of portable Vapor Baths.

We have, during the last ten years, supplied thousands of our Baths to physicians, hospitals, sanitariums, etc., and we are now, for the first time, advertising them direct to the general public.

IN BUYING A VAPOR BATH

Get one with a steel frame that stands on the floor. If a manufacturer does not show you a cut of the frame without the covering, you may take it for granted that his "Steel Frame" is a wire hoop that rests on the shoulders of the bath-r.

Get one that is covered with proper material. Insist on seeing a sample of material before ordering. We make our own covering material and print it with a handsome "all over" pattern of Niagara Falls.

Get one with a thermometer attachment. Don't go it blind — a bath that is too hot or not hot enough will be of no benefit to you.

Get one that you can return and have your money back if not satisfactory in every way.

Send for sample of material and interesting booklet that will tell you all about Vapor Baths. Vapor Baths are an acknowledged household necessity. Turb. H. Hot Air, Vapor, Sulphur, or Medicated Baths at home, 2c. Purifies system, produces cleanliness, health, strength. Prevents disease, obesity. Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, LaGrippe, Asiatica, Eczema, Catarrh, Female Ills, Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Troubles. Beautifies Complexion.

Price of Niagara Baths, \$5.00.

JONES & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

DEPARTMENT G. W. AGENTS WANTED

Negro stood listening until they were all through, and then said: 'Gentlemen, that situation is open, if any of you wants it.' So Spain will be ready to say to any European power that may want to interfere with our nation. But there will be no interference. Cuba will be free. I am under a pledge to spend next Christmas Day in the city of Havana, God willing, and Gens. Shafter and Lee and Admirals Sampson and Schley helping, it will be so. I hereby invite Gens. Howard and Evans to be there on that day, and we will have songs of freedom and the songs of Zion ring out on the air of that beautiful city."

LAKEVIEW IN 1898

The New England Sunday-school Assembly

REV. ALFRED NOON.

ANOTHER season has come and gone at the New England Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly. The revival in interest noted for a year or two has borne its fruit in good attendance and increased receipts. The natural attractions of the grove never seemed more beautiful. The backward season gives a richness to foliage and flower which is remarked by all. Frequent showers and abundant sunshine have brought fresh hues to tree and glade; the completion of certain changes in the water basins which were in process a year ago makes the streams and lakes again full and attractive. The vicinage is even more healthful than usual. All these elements have combined to make up a season of more than ordinary interest.

Year taken by year, there are compensations in the weather. Last year the Assembly seemed passing through a valley of tears, but the season of 1898 has been nearly all that could be wished. A shower one night conveniently began after the close of the evening's exercises and had ceased before sunrise. A sudden dash of rain another day flooded the encampment for an hour between the afternoon and evening programs, and the Recognition Day was again rainy, for the second time in nineteen years. The rest of the period was all that could be desired.

This ever-fragrant rose will ere long smell just as sweet with another name. The title of "Lakeview," so well known for all these years, is becoming transformed into the historical and delightful name of "Mont-wait," by the recent establishment at this point of a government post-office. For nearly two decades the letters of camp residents have been sent and received from South Framingham by private messenger, but through the energy of the cottagers' association, the mail now comes and goes in closed pouches, much to the satisfaction of all.

A sad event during the first week was the sudden decease of Mr. Harvey Blunt, who has just served as caterer for five successive years. No one took a deeper personal interest in the Assembly than Mr. Blunt, and his genial presence and helpful service will be missed.

It was with considerable misgiving that the Association made a change in the superintendency of instruction. For a long period Dr. Hurlbut had served with rare success in that important capacity. A slight change in the conditions of administration caused a desire on the part of Dr. Hurlbut to retire, although his continuance was requested. No more acceptable substitute could have been discovered than Dr. Dunning, the genial and accomplished editor of the *Congregationalist*. As a former instructor at the Assembly and a warm friend of Dr. Hurlbut, he was especially fitted for the position at this time, and has been deservedly popular. With rare tact, abounding good nature and exuberant wit, he has won all,

while in his class work and round-table talks he has been particularly inspiring. Some remarks in some lessons called out sharp questionings, but these were received and answered with such cordial good-will that criticism was largely disarmed, and all felt the impulse of a friendly and devout heart and the grasp of a kindly hand. Dr. Dunning's sermon on Sunday was especially strong and helpful, and was most highly commended.

The program has been fully up to the average, and better than in some recent years. Dr. Conwell, of Philadelphia, is very popular at the Assembly. On account of a change of the time of his lectures a considerable number were unable to hear him and were disappointed. The address on "Garibaldi" was very fine. Dr. MacArthur was as polished as ever, and even added to his well-won laurels. Dr. Puddefoot gave graphic sketches of frontier life in his own inimitable manner.

Of the speakers not on the schedule of last year there have been several who gave unusual satisfaction. Dr. Cadman received great applause on the delivery of his fine lecture on the Puritans. Dr. Egerton R. Young made multitudes of friends as he spoke of his notable experiences in Canadian mission-fields. His efforts give a grand spiritual uplift, while pleasing the ear and riveting attention. President Mendenhall of the Worcester "Tech" gratified many with his description of "weather forecasting" and the process of making the new and excellent Massachusetts highways. Dr. Lorimer skillfully delineated the Scotch character, and eulogized happily and vigorously Wallace, Knox and Burns. Roland Grant, Booth-Tucker, and others were praised by many.

The children's entertainment, by Mr. Harry Bryant, was pure and wholesome, and kept the little ones interested from beginning to end. Mr. Leland T. Powers, the favorite impersonator, was heard and seen by crowds of unusual size, who admired his chaste and thrilling selections. The singers, under the direction of Mr. Boyd, gave great satisfaction, and were most pleasantly supplemented by a large orchestra, in part of the Cambridge Manual Training School. The military reveille and other calls were very entertaining, especially when one could seem to hear an echo of similar music from the not-distant camp of the Fifth Massachusetts.

On the National Day, after a pleasing address from Senator A. S. Roe on the Governors of Massachusetts, the veteran "boys" of the Grand Army, with their department officers, marched to the auditorium, and were received with hearty cheers; but no less hearty was the applause when there appeared upon the platform, clad in their strange uniforms of brown, a delegation from the Fifth Massachusetts, in camp near by. A vigorous

address from Chaplain House, who was their spokesman, was received with abounding enthusiasm. The announcement in the evening of this day, kindly forwarded by Col. Winslow from Camp Dalton, that Spain had asked terms of peace, aroused the hearers' interest and elicited perhaps the strongest expression of applause of the entire Assembly period.

The force of instructors was kept filled and active. Dr. Dunning had the most of the Bible work. Prof. Pease very properly confined his pedagogical service to Sunday-school teaching. A new instructor, Prof. Currie, put great energy into the physical culture and elocution department, and had excellent success in primary instruction. The temperance class was well sustained, the especial feature this year being a considerable extension of the experimental, with more elaborate apparatus than before. Miss Kinsman very happily led a class of young people in Bible study.

The religious element is always at the front at this Assembly. The morning services, at eight, with no other exercise going on, have been well attended and very helpful. Clergymen and laymen of ripe experience have led morning by morning, representing tares denominations, but with such unity of purpose and effort it would be difficult for a stranger to locate the leaders in church lines.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle gives to its followers a degree of anxiety on account of lessened numbers. The day seems to have passed for large classes and representatives of great local circles. The young people's societies have come in and absorbed attention. Some of them are urging their own courses of reading. Whether more might not have been accomplished by so modifying the C. L. S. C. course as to have met this demand is for others to determine. It is sometimes whispered that these other courses are not arousing the enthusiasm which has characterized the Chautauquans at times. However, there still are readers in this uplifting circle of thinkers, and in no small numbers, even in New England. Some are looking for a revival of this institution, which adds much to the Assembly. If, however, the diffusion of the Chautauqua spirit through society should lead to less numbers in the specific circles, the usefulness of the Assembly is by no means likely to wane. People desire and will support a series of entertainments like these, and many are glad to study the topics presented in the classes from day to day and year to year.

The corporation interests are very important. The expense of an Assembly is about \$3,000 a year. This must be met by season tickets, gate fees, and possible subscriptions. The Lakeview Associates pay a small sum



OILY LAMPS

Hardest things in the house to clean. Most contrary things to keep clean. Most unpleasant when not cleaned. Are made clean and kept clean easily with that enemy of oil and grease and dirt—

GOLD DUST

Washing Powder

Largest package—greatest economy.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. Philadelphia.



annually, yielding a comfortable fund in the course of a season. There has been desired and proposed a change in the administration by the purchase of the grounds. Probably many shares could be taken up at once, as the prospect would be fair for a dividend, if the management were careful. The element of personal interest would be very helpful if the shares were at such a figure that a large number could afford to take them.

The Methodist element in the Assembly is quite prominent, but not obtrusive. The genial presence and efficient management of Rev. Dr. William R. Clark is highly appreciated. The Book Concern, under the direction of Mr. Charles R. Magee, spreads out an inviting display of books, mostly religious, and greatly conduces to the usefulness of the Assembly. Seven of the directors and managers are of our church. To quite a number of our churches in the vicinity Lakeview is the substitute for a camp-meeting. The more spiritual and edifying the Assembly, the more pronounced in its Scriptural teachings, the higher its tone and the heartier its religious life, the greater blessing is it to be to these churches. Surely the Assembly calls for the sympathy and support of our people, who, with earnest Christians of other phases of faith, may here grow in grace and the knowledge of God.

W. F. M. S. GOLD DUST

— Mr. Savage Landor, the celebrated traveler, writes of a visit he made to Miss Sheldon and Miss Brown, who, on a peak of the Himalayas 8,000 feet above sea level, are planting a little church for Christ. He says: "I have in my lifetime met missionaries in nearly every part of the globe, but I never before met with two such charming ladies as these. 'Come right in, Mr. Landor,' said Miss Sheldon, as she shook hands with me in a good hearty, honest fashion. The natives had been telling me how pious and kind this lady doctor was; and the wonderful cures she had made among the sick was a great theme among them. They told of her work, and her sympathy with the sick and poor, often giving all she had to relieve them. As pioneers in these parts they must have encountered many difficulties. They can now speak to the natives in their own language, and this gives them great influence. These ladies were kind enough to ask me to dinner. 'It is Sunday,' said Miss Sheldon, 'and all our Christians will be dining with us. You will not mind, I am sure.' I assured her that nothing would interest me more. Punctually at the hour appointed I arrived, and on the veranda of the bungalow were laid some nice clean mats, upon which we all sat in native fashion. We three Europeans (foreigners) were provided with knives and forks, but the natives helped themselves with fingers, which they used with much dexterity. There were among the converts some Hindus, some Shakas, some Humlis, Jumlis, and a Tibetan woman—all told, about twenty. 'I doubt whether I have in my lifetime ever dined with so many good Christians,' said I, jokingly, to Miss Sheldon. 'It is delightful.' 'They would much like to hear some of the experiences of your travels, if you would be kind enough to tell them,' my hostess remarked. Interpreted by Miss Brown, I related some of my adventures in the country of the Ailu. Never have I had such an interested audience."

These missionaries of the W. F. M. S. are doing a wonderful work on the mountains adjoining Tibet. They tried to enter that country, but were turned out, reviled and stoned; yet Miss Sheldon has faith to believe that the Gospel will ere long have a glorious entrance through the "gates of brass" of that now strictly closed land.

— Every member of our church ought to read in the pages of the *Woman's Mission-*

ary Friend the article entitled, "Iron Bracelets," and then ask themselves the question: "Am I doing anything, or all I can, to break these iron fetters that bind millions of women in India to a fearful life, to misery unutterable? Can I face these women at the judgment day and say, 'I am clean in this matter, I never saw them?'" Will not the Judge reply, "Inasmuch as you did it not to the least of these you did it not to Me?" The W. F. M. S. has been helped by the Divine Lord to break some of these iron fetters, but oh, the millions upon millions that are still in misery! Women of the Methodist Episcopal Church, arise and do this work for your sisters, for your Lord!

"The Whitest Men in This Fight"

FROM a correspondent of the New York Sun, describing the scenes on that fatal Friday at Santiago, the following statements are taken:—

"While the proportion of colored men wounded has been large, by their courage and supreme cheerfulness they have really carried off the palm for heroism. Here is what one of the wounded Rough Riders, Kenneth Robinson, has to say about the black soldiers. Robinson is lying in one of the tents here suffering from a shot through his chest. A pair of underdrawers and one sock, the costume in which he arrived from the front, is all that he has to his name at present. On the next cot to him lies an immense Negro, who has been simply riddled with bullets, but is still able to crack a smile and even to hum a tune occasionally. Between him and the Calumet man there has sprung up a friendship. 'I'll tell you what it is,' said Robinson, this morning. 'Without any disregard to my own regiment I want to say that the whitest men in this fight have been the black ones. At all events they have been the best friends that the Rough Riders have had, and every one of us, from Col. Roosevelt down, appreciates it. When our men were being mown down to right and left in that charge up the hill it was the black cavalry men who were the first to carry our wounded away, and during that awful day and night that I lay in the field hospital waiting for a chance to get down here, it was two big colored men badly wounded themselves who kept my spirits up. Why, in camp every

night before the fight the colored soldiers used to come over and serenade Cois. Wood and Roosevelt. And weren't they just tickled to death about it. The last night before I was wounded a whole lot of them came over, and when Col. Roosevelt made a little speech thanking them for their songs, one big sergeant got up and said: 'It's all right, Colonel, we're all rough riders now.'"

Ministerial Courtesy and Church Letters

MR. EDITOR: It has come to pass in these days that most of the letters transferring the membership of an individual from one place to another are secured through the intermediary of the pastor where the certificate is to be deposited. The reasons for this are unfortunate because too often it speaks of a lack of interest on the part of the member to secure his own transfer, and it is only when the pastor of the place where he has taken up his abode asks for permission to secure his letter that he manifests any special concern with regard to the matter.

In the securing of these letters many pastors are permitting themselves to do a very discourteous thing. Manifestly the advantage of such transferral is with the pastor seeking the letter, yet he usually sends for the same on a postal card, and if a reply is not coming forthwith, he sends another. The two-cent stamps which the pastor who is at all sensitive about this matter has to spend in sending church letters are of no considerable amount, but the minister asking for favors on a postal card is doing himself an injustice which he cannot well afford. It is well for all, especially the minister, to obey the apostolic injunction, "Be courteous."

A PASTOR.

— Things have changed since Major Shafter, now Gen. Shafter, was captured by Gen. Joe Wheeler's cavalry and sent to Libby Prison. The man who would have prophesied then that Wheeler would be serving under Shafter thirty-six years later, would have been considered daft. — *Boston Herald*.

Free Rheumatism Cure

Trial Package Free to All -- Send for It -- Tell Your Suffering Friends That They Can First Test Before They Part With Their Money.

A Genuine Rheumatism Specific that Cures Rheumatism No Matter if 20 Doctors Have Tried and Failed. It is a Marvelous Remedy.

Not a great doctor; not an eminent specialist; not a patent medicine man but just a plain, every-day citizen of Milwaukee says that any one who will send him their name and address can have absolutely free a trial package of a remedy that cured him of rheumatism and has cured hundreds of others whose years of pain and suffering, helplessness and despair had well nigh sent to an untimely grave. It is a subject of great interest. Rheumatism is a most merciless demon. It spares neither the God-fearing nor the infidel. Born of the devil it seems to tantalize men's souls to see how much they can suffer and yet breathe the air that Providence filled with life.

N. H. Spafford, of Milton, Mass., sent for a free trial of Gloria Tonic. He had suffered for many years. At times the pain would ease up a little and fill his heart with thankfulness that perhaps life would not be such a burden after all. But no sooner would he rejoice than a sudden change of the weather would strike him another heartless twinge of pain and so it went year after year. The free trial

reached him during one of these periodic spells and gave him such relief that he continued the remedy and was completely cured. Mr. Smith, the discoverer of the remedy, was an invalid as a result of rheumatism, the disease affecting his feet. At times he could barely hobble about. He experimented with all sorts of drugs and by great good luck hit upon a combination that acted as a specific for the disease. At first he confined his efforts among those whom he personally knew, but in time the demand for his discovery became so great that he put the medicine up in regular form and has since sold it through the drug stores at \$1.00 a box. But most people who suffer are convinced that there is no cure for rheumatism, and to offset this doubt Mr. Smith sends a trial package free that all may test it first and thus learn of its wonderful merit. Send your name and address to John A. Smith, 530 Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis., and by return mail he will send prepaid a package of Gloria Tonic, a remedy that will cure any form of rheumatism, no matter how many doctors have tried and failed.

THE CONFERENCES

VERMONT CONFERENCE

Montpelier District

Montpelier.—The day of material improvements is at hand. The parsonage has been painted and awnings put at the windows, and the entire interior of the church is undergoing a renovation. The audience-room will be beautifully frescoed, the wood-work all redressed, new gas fixtures with modern burners put in, a new room made in the vestry for the intermediate department of the Sunday-school, etc., etc. Meanwhile the congregation holds Sabbath services in the Y. M. C. A. rooms. The Tuesday evening "Talks" by Pastor Gillies, held in connection with the class-meeting, are very popular. In these talks he treats of the history, doctrines, polity and possibilities of Methodism in a way that interests everybody.

Rochester.—Rev. John L. Reeder, the pastor of this thriving church, is also the chairman of the Rochester Epworth League circuit. He has recently visited all the churches and Leagues on his circuit and organized a League with forty charter members at Barnard. He also lectured at Gaysville, Bethel Lympus, Hancock and Granville on "On to Washington, or a Week in the Nation's Capital." The lecture was very interesting and instructive and should be given elsewhere.

Northfield.—Increasing congregations and general prosperity prevail here and at Goulds-ville. Rev. S. C. Johnson is emphatically the man for the place. The quarterly conference voted to erect new steps to the church, make a graveled walk to the same, and beautify the church lawn.

Pittsfield.—The greatest curse of this town is rum, and the man most hated by the rumsellers is Rev. A. W. Ford, the fearless pastor of our church there. The fact that certain lewd fellows of the baser sort are breathing out threatenings and slaughter is an omen of good. Truth, with a determined and discreet man behind it, is mighty and will prevail. May God speed the right!

Randolph.—At the second quarterly conference committees were appointed to see about putting electric lights into every part of the church, redecorating the audience-room, and putting down a new carpet. The Junior League and Ladies' Aid Society already have some funds on hand for these improvements. When these changes are made, no church edifice in town will have a more inviting interior than our own. Under the able and efficient preaching and administration of Rev. G. O. Howe the audiences are slowly but surely increasing.

Hartland.—Pastor Barnes has prepared and published a neat list of topics for the month of August. A good deal of interest is being manifested in the work at North Hartland.

Brookline.—A most encouraging sign at this place is that the congregations will average twice as large as a year ago at this time. Special meetings will be held in the early fall.

Bethel Gilead.—Mr. Wesley Miller, of Bethel, who is a clerk in his father's store during the week, supplies this place on the Sabbath. He is held in high esteem by the entire section, and his sermons are greatly appreciated. One hopeful feature of the work here is the large proportion of young people in the congregation.

Weston.—It is easy to see that the prospect is more hopeful at this place than some time ago when it is known that the congregations are now more than twice as large as during the first month of Rev. H. F. Forrest's pastorate there.

Randolph Centre.—It is difficult to imagine a pleasanter place in which to spend at least a part of one's vacation. The air is pure and always in motion; the views of hill and mountain scenery are unsurpassed outside of the great mountain regions; and the products of the section are such as to tempt even a delicate appetite. Here Rev. Charles F. Partridge preaches scholarly sermons to appreciative audiences.

Political Primaries.—A determined effort is to be made by the rum powers of the nation to carry the coming legislature for either license or local option; and, failing in that, to get a vote to submit the question to the people at a subsequent election. This battle will be largely fought and won in the party caucuses and the previous canvassing. In this work every preacher and other believers in the prohibitory

law should be active and exert his influence to the utmost. Don't wait until election day—the fight will be won or lost before then. Don't say there is no danger; only eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Don't think there is no danger because you see little activity on the other side; they go on "a still hunt." Let us do the same and allow only men pledged to the law to be nominated.

RETLAW.

St. Albans District

Camp-meetings.—Look at the camp-meeting notices in the HERALD Calendar if you want some evidence that the institution is not out of date in our church! There is encouragement and inspiration in this rallying of the tribes for worship and service in the groves. May they everywhere be cheered by "the sound of a going" in the treetops, and feel the breath of the Holy Ghost upon their souls! The two camp-meetings on this district will commence as follows: Morrisville, August 15-23; Sheldon, August 24-Sept. 1. Brethren, hear me! Let not these annual gatherings be merely seasons of intellectual and social enthusiasm, but let them be the occasions of earnest, spiritual renewal and the intensifying of the life and power of the church! Let there be a burning desire to save souls, and these meetings in the groves, in the tents, and in the open air will not be without good fruits. The Lord God of our fathers is as ready to help and as mighty to save as when in their day "the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang with the anthems of the"—saved.

Underhill.—June 26 was observed as Children's Day. Payne's "Historic Methodism" program was used. A collection of \$16 was exceedingly gratifying. This is not surpassed, if equaled, by any church on the district of its size. This shows what the people can do when they are once brought to a fair test. The question of meeting the benevolent apportionments is not so much a matter of poverty, as a rule, as it is one of liberality and determination. All the interests of the church are being carefully looked after by the pastor, Rev. D. C. Thatcher. He is doing good work here and doing the same, too, with a heart full of good cheer and love to God.

Grand Isle.—The pastor, Rev. C. S. Ross, can no longer sing, "No foot of land do I possess," etc., for, we are informed, he recently purchased thirty acres of as fine soil as can be found on the shores of Lake Champlain. He says that here he will make his home when he is through itinerating. We would rejoice if all Methodist Episcopal preachers were as well provided for when old age comes on apace.

Swanton.—The *Courier*, a local paper, says: "The patriotic lawn party given by the Epworth League on the grounds of Capt. A. S. Fluery last evening (July 20) was one of the most brilliant affairs Swanton has seen for some time. The decorations were made with charming artistic effect. An immense canopy of the broad stripes and bright stars covered the entire lawn, supported by pillars trimmed with red, white and

blue. A platform tastily decorated was erected for an entertainment, which was composed of singing, readings and tableaux. Young ladies served lemonade from an old vine-covered well-sweep, and all through the grounds, which were lighted by electricity and quantities of Chinese lanterns, small tables were placed for ice cream. The decorations in the parlor consisted of wild flowers and cat-tails combined with the red, white and blue. The band furnished music during the evening."

Stowe.—Sunday, July 16, was a red-letter day for this church. It was a day of glory and will be long remembered. Rev. Geo. L. Story, general secretary and field agent of the State Sunday-school Association, spent the day with this people, preaching and baptizing, by immersion, candidates for church membership. The pastor, we are sorry to say, is not recovered sufficiently from his long and severe illness to allow him to go into the water. Ten were immersed by Mr. Story. His sermons and addresses were highly spoken of. God was in the singing, the praying, the listening, His word and ordinance, and we trust that much fruit may come of the day. Rev. M. H. Ryan feeds his flock with wholesome Gospel bread, and they are growing in grace and in knowledge. Let the good work go on!

CREAMER.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Dover District

Epping.—Rev. D. W. Downs returns to Epping for a second pastorate after an absence of twenty-five years. Mr. Downs was a brave soldier in the war of the Rebellion, and he hits the mark in the pulpit now. The people say that the Conference gave them more than they asked for.

Laurence, St. Paul's.—The Boys' Brigades of St. Paul's, St. Marks' and Garden St. are planning for a summer encampment at Hedding. Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Farnsworth are busy in their new field and find an appreciative people.

Dover.—Dr. D. C. Babcock's sermon before the Grand Army Post has been published by request. The Doctor spent two weeks in temperance work with his old friend, Dr. Mead, in July, in Western Virginia. The St. John's Sabbath-school, with those of Somersworth, Rochester, and other adjacent towns, had a picnic at the camp-ground on the Fourth of July. Mrs. Cramer read the Declaration of Independence and Rev. J. E. Robins, of Concord, delivered an address on "Good Citizenship." The pleasant outing was projected and carried out by Dr. Babcock.

Somersworth.—Extensive improvements have been made upon the parsonage, for which credit is due the Ladies' Society. Rev. T. E. Cramer has been much in demand for anniversary occasions, and his efforts are highly spoken of. Mrs. Cramer is quite active in church work. Prof. J. M. Russell, president of the Epworth League, met with a painful accident, being thrown from a loaded wagon. He is, however, doing well. The League

BOSTON BLEND



is a combination of the finest Coffees grown on the American continent. It may seem odd (and it is) to see coffee advertised as "American." In these times most people think they are drinking Java or Mocha, but the fact remains that the great bulk of the coffee used throughout the world is raised on the American Continent. BOSTON BLEND, then, appeals:

1st. — To Lovers of Fine Coffee.

2d. — To Lovers of Money.

We sell it at 25 cents per lb. (50 cents for 2-lb. can.)

3d. — To Lovers of Truth.

Because the can contains just what the label calls for.

Briefly: BOSTON BLEND is Good, Low-Priced and Honest.

We roast the Coffee in our own building, granulate it and pack it in two-pound cans while hot. Granulation differs from grinding; ground coffee is uneven—some coarse and some fine—and muddy coffee is

often due to the uneven grinding.

If your grocer does not sell it we will prepay express on two cans (4 lbs.) to any address in New England on receipt of \$1.00

COBB, BATES & YERXA CO., Boston, Mass

is paying two dollars a week for the care of an indigent child.

West Hampstead.—A veritable surprise greeted the pastor, Rev. J. H. Knott, on his return from Conference. The good people know how to do a handsome thing, and they did it. One young man recently started in the Christian life. George M. Newhall, nephew of the late Dr. Newhall, is a local preacher in this church.

Sandown.—Rev. C. H. Smith spent the winter with his daughter in Haverhill. He is now back in his old home farming, sermonizing, and preaching occasionally. Mr. Knott finds Mr. and Mrs. Smith good hearers and faithful helpers.

Merrimacport.—The time of Sunday service has been changed from afternoon to morning. Rev. W. H. Atkinson reports an increase in the attendance in church and Sunday-school. Rev. M. T. Cilley is in good health and spirits. He has a delightful home, and is, as ever, hard at work. He has a family of more than two hundred chickens, and not one little chick lacks his care.

Haverhill, First Church.—This society seriously feels the hard times. Dr. Hills is struggling heroically to get them on to a better financial basis. He is planning, dreaming, working constantly to this end. Sister Mary Stockbridge, 94 years of age, was out to church Sunday morning, June 19, walking through a pouring rain from her home quite a distance from the church.

Haverhill, Grace Church.—Rev. Elwin Hitchcock and family find themselves pleasantly situated in the parsonage on Union St. Mr. Hitchcock received a hearty welcome, and is being cordially supported by his people. Coming to us as a stranger, he is fast winning friends in the church and Conference. Dr. L. E. Chase has made a gift of \$1,000 toward a much-needed gymnasium at Tilton. Who will follow his generous example?

Haverhill, Third Church.—Rev. B. P. Judd finds the work in this society in good condition, and is hard at work for an advance. The people are confident that the right man is in the right place—thanks to the Lord, or to the Bishop, or to both. A kindergarten room has been nicely furnished; the children, young and old, are enthusiastic. Mrs. Judd has charge of the Junior League.

Methuen.—Rev. E. R. Wilkins finds a very pleasant home in Methuen, and is happy in his work. He bears the honors of grandpa gracefully for a young man. His son Benjamin is a junior in Boston University.

Lowell, Centralville.—More than four hundred were present morning and evening on a recent Sabbath. The official members do not understand why their good Methodist neighbors should pay car fare over to the city when they have so good a preacher at their very doors. Shall not the walls of Zion be built up over against our own homes? The outlook is hopeful. Rev. J. A. Bowler is full of courage.

Personal.—Rev. P. M. Frost has a pleasant home in Haverhill. His health is somewhat improved. EMERSON.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Bangor District

Bangor.—Both Grace and First Churches are enjoying a good degree of prosperity. The meeting of the Annual Conference in April and the First District Epworth League Convention in July were benedictions, and gave our churches a great uplift. The pastors, Rev. J. M. Frost and Rev. H. E. Foss, were felicitous in their entertainment of both, and the occasions were well-nigh perfection. Mr. Foss and family are enjoying a well-earned and much-needed vacation among the islands of the sea, and Mr. Frost will be favored a little later.

Danforth.—The pastor, Rev. I. H. W. Wharff, received a most cordial welcome to this charge, and is making an excellent impression. The congregations at all points are good and increasing, the Sunday-schools are large, and pastor and people are looking for a good and successful year.

Dixmont.—The people are greatly pleased with their new pastor, Rev. T. A. Hodgdon, and the pleasure is reciprocated by the pastor and wife. We are hoping that this year will be one of the best on this charge. A grand field, and some most excellent members.

East Corinth and Corinth.—The spirit of improvement manifested last year still prevails, and since Conference several rooms in the par-

sonage have been painted and papered, and buildings and surroundings have been otherwise improved. The pastor, Rev. W. L. Brown, and wife are well, and enter happily upon their second year's service with this excellent people. We gladly note that their son, Henry W., who has for several years been professor in one of the leading educational institutions in New Hampshire, has now been promoted to vice-principal. The Professor and his sister Nellie are expected home in a few days.

Forest City, Lambert Lake and Vanceboro.—A long name. This charge is thirty miles long—the only one I know of where the pastor has two parsonages and occupies both. Rev. C. H. Raupach moves every week—one week in his home in Forest City, the next at Vanceboro. Plenty of change, which is recreation. His health is improving, and the whole charge is in a prosperous condition.

Houlton.—Two of the old veterans, Mrs. Jas. Hunter and Mrs. Porter, each about 90 years old, have recently entered into rest. They died well. This is an aggressive church, and while the workmen are falling others are rising up and taking their places. Pastor D. B. Phelan is doing well and is much beloved. The Sunday-school and Epworth League are doing excellent work.

Houland.—A parsonage is well under way. None but the intrepid pastor, Rev. C. W. Stevens, would have undertaken it; but it now looks like success. He is indefatigable in his labors, and this new and inviting field is yielding to his masterly strokes. The people are planning with their pastor for a grove-meeting in Maxfield to last several days.

Kingman and Prentiss.—Rev. H. E. Stetson has taken the work of this charge upon his hands and heart. His predecessor saw this charge rise from nearly nothing to an inviting field, and the present pastor purposes aggression all along the line.

Mapleton.—The year is opening well, and the pastor, Rev. M. H. Sippelle, and his people unite to make this a grand year.

Moro and Smyrna.—The pastor, Rev. W. F. Campbell, enters upon his second year's work with a cheerful face and glad heart. A grand people, and excellent opportunities for development. The pastor is preaching grandly and working hard with good prospects of success. The Sunday-school is flourishing. Mrs. Soule, the superintendent, is proving herself to be the right person in the right place.

Monson, Swedish Mission.—The Sabbath-school attendance is increasing, and the congregations are good. The pastor, Rev. H. G. Bolvie, is greatly encouraged. There is a hard struggle financially on account of the depression of the quarry business. This heroic people have struggled with a church debt which they have reduced to \$250. Let some of our people help them out, and giver and receiver will be greatly blessed.

Orono and Stillwater.—Rev. C. C. Whidden comes to this charge full of courage and determined to make this his best year. He is most cordially received by his people, and all seem happy. Eleven have been baptized already and received into the church. The Sunday-school, under the direction of Prof. Woods, is in a flourishing condition, and congregations are increasing. The pastor and wife are enjoying a rest of a few weeks with his parents at Presque Isle. The pulpit is supplied during his absence. Rev. T. F. Jones, we trust, is improving, but altogether too slowly. Brethren, remember this dear brother and family in your prayers.

South Presque Isle.—Rev. I. G. Cheney, a local preacher, is supplying this charge, with outlying appointments—the first time it has dared to walk alone. Already there are encouraging omens, and the pastor is proving himself a good workman. E. H. B.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Augusta District

Leeds and Greene.—This charge is distinguished by having the largest parsonage farm of any in the Conference, and probably the largest in the State. It has twenty acres, twelve of which are tillage. It has a well of water which, if it could be transferred to some city, and its purity and coldness could be preserved, would be worth a fortune. The young pastor, Rev. Frank H. Hall, has recently taken to himself a wife, formerly Miss Kelley, of Stoneham, Mass. For the past five years she has been a teacher. She is an accomplished and devoted young lady, and has

already won her way into the hearts of the people. Twenty-five dollars has been expended in furniture, paper and paint by the people; and this, with the furniture and bric-a-brac owned by the young couple and arranged with excellent taste, makes such a transformation in this old parsonage as is not often seen. The people are rejoiced to have the parsonage occupied again. The cash receipts are small, but the pastor has a large garden, and has the privilege of foraging in his neighbors' also. Spiritual interests are

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

**Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast
Cocoa**



The Standard for
Purity and
Excellence....

Costs less than one cent a cup.

Our Trade-Mark on Every Package.

**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.**

ESTABLISHED 1780.

AARON R. GAY & CO.

Stationers and Bank Book
Manufacturers.
ACCOUNT BOOK

Of any desired pattern made to order.

122 State St.

BOSTON.



BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY
E. W. VANDUZEN CO., Cincinnati, O., U. S.
Only High Class, Best Grade Copper and Tin
Full, Sweet Tone
Cheapest for Price
Fully Guaranteed
and Chimes. No Common Grades. The Best Only.



FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS
HAVE FURNISHED 35,000
CHURCH, SCHOOL & OTHER
C. MENEELY & CO. PUREST BEST
WEST-TROY N. Y. GENUINE
CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE

ZIONS' HERALD

Founded 1823

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Per Year, Postage Prepaid. \$2.50
Ministers and their Widows. 1.50

THE DATES following the name of each subscriber indicate the year and month to which it is paid.

DISCONTINUANCES.—Papers are continued until there is a specific order to stop, and until all arrearages are paid, as required by law.

SUBSCRIBERS wishing to stop a paper, or change direction, should be very particular to give the name of the post-office to which it has been sent and the one to which they wish it sent.

REMITTANCES may be made by Money Order (post-office or express) Bank Check or Draft. When neither of these can be procured, send money by Registered Letter.

FOR ADVERTISERS it is ONE OF THE BEST MEDIUMS that can be employed for NEW ENGLAND. It has probably 80,000 readers in educated homes. Cards with advertising rates sent on application.

Specimen Copies Free.

All letters of Remittances or relating to Renewals and Subscriptions, and other Business Matters connected with the paper, should be addressed to

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

improving. The outlook is better than for a long time.

East Readfield.—This old historic church is supplied during the summer by Rev. W. B. Maddox, a bright young student at Kent's Hill. He can preach and sing.

Kent's Hill.—Things are quiet here during the vacation season; and yet very good congregations attend upon the ministry of the Word. President Chase is busy twelve months in the year. He is sending out letters, and in various ways is keeping the school before the people.

Gardiner.—A fine quartet now leads the singing. One Sunday was recently set apart as Sunday-school library day. Donations of good books were made. There is no patent on this plan. In various ways some three hundred volumes have been added during the present pastorate. James M. Rogers is the new superintendent, and he is following the pace set by his predecessor. The League received honorable mention at the Bangor convention. Rev. A. A. Lewis can give points in reference to blending the literary and spiritual departments. Miss Lola Lander is the efficient superintendent of the Junior League. A hay-rack ride down to the camp-ground was greatly enjoyed. The Foreign and Home Missionary Societies are active and flourishing. Finances are in excellent condition. Ten dollars was raised for the soldiers. The pastor has been voted three weeks' vacation.

Wilton and North Jay.—Pastor Hewitt has made 270 pastoral calls. The congregations are large and steadily increasing. The collections are looked after. Mr. Goodspeed, whose woolen factory is running day and night, is the efficient Sunday-school superintendent. They are doing well at North Jay financially. At a recent visit we enjoyed a pleasant social evening with the Ladies' Aid Society at the home of Mr. Magrath. The pleasant grounds were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and a large and merry company was present.

East Livermore and Fayette.—Good congregations, and an increasing interest in Sunday-school work, and spiritual class-meetings are some of the encouraging features of the work here. Miss Story has appointed a number of committees to assist in Sunday-school work. The pastor's wife has organized a Junior League.

Camp-meetings.—Miss Story will take charge of the children's meeting at East Livermore, Saturday at East Livermore and Strong will be Woman's day. Much prayer is going up for our camp-meetings. A. S. L.

Portland District

Saco.—An interesting feature of the first quarterly conference was the love-feast on Sunday morning. This church is prospering on all lines.

Biddeford.—The church building has been painted on the outside. A flag was fastened to the top of the spire by one of the painters, and there it now floats, 150 feet from the ground. Pastor Bradlee believes in having flags on every church.

South Biddeford.—The pastor, Rev. A. A. Callaghan, has been kept from his work several weeks by sickness resulting from an accident. The "mother church" of the circuit at this place has only a half-dozen members left, but large congregations gather in the old house. A genuine revival would bring back old-time prosperity.

Eliot.—The Sabbath congregation is largely increased during the summer by the children sent from Boston by Dr. Waldron to "Rosemary" for a breath of summer air. If people of wealth could see their happy faces, money would pour in to increase the number enjoying this outing.

West Scarborough.—The new parsonage is nearing completion. A party of friends from Old Orchard gave a day's work. E. O. T.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

W. H. M. S.—The report of the corresponding secretary, New England Southern Conference W. H. M. S., shows a very successful year's work. The membership has been considerably increased. At the annual meeting of the General Board of Managers at Baltimore pledges to the amount of \$265 were made, for special work, outside of membership dues. The report shows that for the special objects named they have received and paid over \$506.12, thus almost doubling their pledge.

New Bedford District

Osterville.—The church at this place is enjoying a season of prosperity. The services are well attended, an excellent devotional spirit pervading them all. The Tuesday evening prayer-meetings and the Epworth League meeting held before the Sunday evening service are proving sources of spiritual help to the many who attend them. On July 24, nine probationers were received into full connection. Immediately after their reception the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to an unusually large number. The entire day was one of blessing and encouragement. Rev. George Milton Fowles is pastor.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

South District

Worcester, Webster Square.—Rev. L. W. Adams' sermon on his observations in Bangor was a scorching, and, so far as open saloons go, seemed to accord with the impressions of all those who accompanied him to the city of the Penobscot; but Rev. J. M. Frost of that beautiful municipality takes exceptions to some of our preacher's statements and intimates that some retractions are in order. We await the action of our local clergyman with no little interest.

Grace.—During the matrimonial rambles of Pastor Thompson in Europe, the pulpit is directed by Prof. Chas. W. Delano of the local Classical High School, and in all his ministrations he is giving ample satisfaction. His friends are wondering when he will lay aside the emblematic ruler and assume the robes of the active ministry. He cannot begin too soon.

Sterling Camp-ground.—The clans are gathering for their summer outing, and local churches feel the hegira sensibly, especially in the Sunday services. At the same time, no one can find a word of fault if our people can thus secure a needed vacation so near their scenes of toil. On Thursday last, Laurel St. had its regular sewing society dinner here, and though the day was rainy our good folks were on hand to do justice to the occasion. The pastor, Rev. H. H. Paine, and family are at Mattapoisett for a month's stay for rest and recreation. During his absence the pulpit will be occupied by Rev. William Wignall, of Millbury, and our ever-faithful and ready veteran, Rev. William Pentecost.

North District

Auburndale.—The eastern session of the American Institute of Normal Methods has just finished its work at Lasell Seminary, its temporary home. The school has called together about 140 teachers from all parts of the country. President Bragdon and Vice-principal Gallagher, and all interested, have done all possible to make their stay pleasant and profitable. The faculty has numbered eighteen teachers and lecturers. Thursday evening, July 28, a class of 39—5 gentlemen and 34 ladies—was graduated. President Silver, of the American Institute, conferring the diplomas. The principal study has been music, both vocal and instrumental; so the program was largely musical. Every number was finely—some magnificently, and others exquisitely—rendered. During the evening bright, piquant, and forceful addresses were made by Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, professor of music in the University of Pennsylvania, and Miss Sarah L. Arnold, supervisor of Boston schools. Members of the school had charge of the music at the Methodist

church, July 17, and at the Congregational church, July 24. The influence of the faculty and teacher-pupils and of their work in the town is excellent; and we all hope they will "come again."

W. T. WORTH.

West District

Connecticut Valley S. S. and Chautauqua Assembly.—The annual session of the Connecticut Valley Sunday-school and Chautauqua Assembly, at Laurel Park, was held July 12-22. The Sunday-school normal class was in charge of Judge L. E. Hitchcock, of Chicopee. There was the usual variety of entertainment and instruction. There was a daily "Biblical Hour," at which prominent ministers of different denominations led in the study of Bible doctrines and problems. There was a National day, a Young People's day, a Temperance day, a Grand Army day, a Recognition day, a Sam Jones day, and a Musical Festival day. The attendance is said to have been good.

Personal.—The *Springfield Republican* of July 15 contained the following, which is all that the writer knows of the matter. It is cause for great congratulation that the outcome was not more serious: "Presiding Elder Knowles of this city had a lively experience with a runaway horse at the stone crusher on the Hatfield road yesterday morning. He was driving with his daughter to Laurel Park. When near the city stone crusher the horse became frightened and ran. The reins got caught, and Mr. Knowles was unable to control the horse. His daughter jumped out of the carriage and was not injured. A short distance above the horse ran into the lot and the carriage was overturned, throwing Mr. Knowles out. People passing on the road stopped and went to his assistance. He received a cut on the head, which bled considerably, but after securing the horse he walked to the park. The carriage was badly damaged."

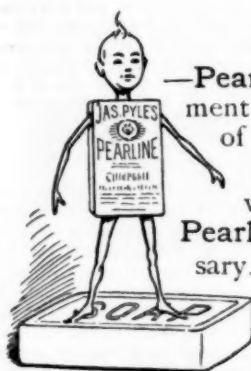
Greenfield.—Rev. W. C. Townsend, of Greenfield, arranged and carried to successful completion the exercises of the Epworth League hour at the Laurel Park Chautauqua Assembly. He made on that occasion an excellent address on "Essentials of a Christian Character."

Springfield, Grace Church.—At the last communion 2 were received by letter. This church united with Merrick (West Springfield) Church in a picnic at Riverside Grove, July 6. The pastor, Rev. E. P. Herrick, was one of the speakers at the Epworth League service at the Laurel Park Chautauqua Assembly; his subject being, "The Social Department."

Belchertown.—The preacher who was expected to supply here has gone West. Rev. E. P. St. John has been placed in charge and has taken up the work.

Bondsville.—The year is opening well, a good revival interest having already been manifest. The pastor, Rev. H. G. Alley, may be relied on for faithful work.

Vacations.—Dr. C. F. Rice, of St. Luke's, Springfield, is taking a vacation of four weeks at Conway, N. H. — Rev. A. C. Skinner, of Trinity, Springfield, takes his vacation in August, making a visit to New York State and camping out for awhile in Maine. — Rev. H. L. Wriston and wife, of Holyoke, are spending some time at Laurel Park; so are Rev. J. Sutherland and wife, of Brookfield. — Rev. R. E. Smith, of Spencer, defers his vacation till September, when he will go to Wisconsin, where Mrs. Smith, with her children, is now visiting her parents. Mr. Smith, at



Soap-sprung

—Pearline. Came from soap—an improvement upon it; a sort of higher development of soap, just as man is said to have been developed from the monkey. Every virtue that good soap has you'll find in Pearline. All the soap is in it that's necessary. Pearline isn't meant to be used with soap, but to take the place of it. Everything that soap does, Pearline does, and does it better.

584

Millions NOW USE Pearline

Laurel Park Chautauqua, made an address on "Suggestions for Literary Work."—Rev. A. H. Herrick and family, of Chicopee Falls, are spending some weeks camping out at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. They camp in primitive style, in huts, at a considerable distance from any habitation. Here they find an almost complete change, and greatly enjoy this manner of life, which some might find unpleasant.—Rev. E. P. Herrick and family, of Grace Church, Springfield, spend their vacation at Sterling camp-ground, which they have frequented for many years. H.

During the last ten years the French have been constructing modern prisons at convenient points outside the city of Paris, and in a few years such celebrated prisons as Ste. Pelagie, Sante, and Saint Lazare will be known only to readers of French history and historical novels. The sombre walls of the Mazas Prison, opposite the Paris-Lyons-Méditerranée Railway Station in Paris, are now being removed. La Grande Roquette will be the next, and then Ste. Pelagie, within whose walls have probably been confined more famous personages than any other prison in the world, will have to go.

The forests have had many enemies, but none that can compare with the pulp makers. This industry was a voiceless infant at the close of the Civil War, but it is now a howling giant clamoring for more forests to destroy. There are more than 1,200 pulp mills in the United States, and to feed them requires two million cords of wood every year. Not content with the home market, the pulp makers have sought foreign trade. Naturally Germany with her magnificent forests of spruce prefers to buy our pulp at the low rate at which it is offered. She can make a tremendous saving by letting her forests grow and denuding ours. They grow wood at a profit; we waste forests for a monopoly. New England, New York and Pennsylvania are parting with their forests at a price that makes Esau's trade a veritable bargain. During the last fifteen years the production of wood pulp has increased from 213,000 cords to nearly 2,500,000. It is said that the supply of spruce in the States named will be entirely exhausted within the next fifteen years unless something is done to check the enormous waste and to provide for the protection of our forests.

David B. Hill has called the Adirondacks "The Nation's Playground and Sanitarium," and this encomium is only one of many. At 260 Washington St., Boston, you can obtain information covering this great Park that will enable you to pass an ideal vacation.

With something of the profound feeling and attendant sense of conviction with which we read "In His Steps," have we just finished the chapter of "The Workers" in Scribner's for July. In this instalment the writer tells of his experience in attending church as a workman in a workman's garb in the great city of Chicago, of his presence and participation in socialistic meetings on Sunday afternoon, and of his visit to the overcrowded cellars of the sweatshops in the evening. It is a very realistic story, told by one who has studied, felt and lived it in order that he may reveal and interpret the condition and situation to the great multitude of good people who will never know of

the life of these oppressed toilers by personal observation. It is a picture to move the stoutest heart. No person can read those pages without feeling a measure of guilt that God's poor are thus permitted to suffer. The church indeed is verily guilty that such conditions are allowed to exist. We commend this chapter to every ministerial reader of our columns, and hope that every one will study it. But for its length we should seek the privilege of reproducing it in our columns.

A Short Sermon Worth Reading.

Under the guise of well intended and kindly criticism of the foibles and weaknesses of Boston society the announcements of the Paine Furniture Company, which appear in this paper regularly, often give well merited condemnation of the fashionable sins of today. Quite a sermon might be preached from the interesting article which they print today in our advertising columns, entitled "Respect Yourself." After reading it carefully it is hard to believe that 1900 years have not taught the lesson of self-respect, and that the Roman general leaves us far behind in his attitude in this particular.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Sixth Annual Convention of Christian Workers at Old Orchard, Maine, Rev. L. B. Bates, leader,	July 30-Aug. 8
HEDDING CHAUTAUQUA:	
Summer School,	Aug. 1-6
Biblical Institute,	Aug. 8-13
Assembly,	Aug. 13-30
West Dudley Camp-meeting,	Aug. 5-15
Richmond Camp-meeting, Rev. I. T. Johnson in charge,	Aug. 5-15
YARMOUTH CAMP-GROUND:	
Temperance Day,	Aug. 3
Sunday-school Day,	Aug. 4
Missionary Day,	Aug. 7
Camp-meeting,	Aug. 8-15
Piscataquis Valley Camp-meeting,	Aug. 8-15
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 14-21
Weirs Camp-meeting,	August 15-20
New Haven District Camp-meeting at Plainville,	Aug. 15-20
Empire Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 15-23
Penobscot Valley Camp-meeting at Mattawamkeag, Me.,	Aug. 18-28
Sterling Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-27
Lyndonville Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-27
Hedding Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-27
East Livermore Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-28
North Anson Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-28
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-28
Northport Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-29
Laurel Park Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-29
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-29
Claremont Junc. Union Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-30
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 29-Sept. 3
Rockland Dist. Camp-meeting at Nobleboro, Me.,	Aug. 29-Sept. 3
Kearsarge Camp-meeting at Wil-mot, N. H.,	Aug. 29-Sept. 3
Allen Camp-meeting at Strong, Me.,	Aug. 29-Sept. 4

DISTRICT STEWARDS' MEETING at East Livermore Camp-ground, on Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 1 o'clock. A. S. LADD.

WARNING.—A man by the name of J. W. Stokes, whose business is to get up concerts and sell tickets for the same through his wife and other lady employees, in the business section of the cities, for the benefit of religious and charitable institutions, has been found out to be altogether untrustworthy. He provides the concert, but does not make correct returns of the tickets sold. Institutions are warned to have nothing to do with him. Further information of his work may be obtained from the Chief of Police, Cleveland, Ohio. People are cautioned against purchasing tickets if they desire their money to go to the institutions instead of the pockets of such parties.

J. H. MANSFIELD,
Presiding Elder Boston South District;
Supt. Boston Missionary and Church Extension Soc.

EMPIRE GROVE CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting will be held on the camp-ground, Aug. 17, at 1 p. m. Election of officers will take place, and the transaction of such business as may come before the meeting.

WILLIAM R. SWAN, Sec.

MARRIAGES

DAVIS — PINGREE — In Mattawamkeag, Maine, June 30, by Rev. W. T. Johnson, Parker Davis and Della Pingree, both of Winn, Me.

HILLIARD — DUDLEY — In Somerville, Mass., July 27, by Rev. Charles Tilton, Walter Austin Hilliard and Mabel Norwood Dudley, both of Somerville.

SHARKEY — WASHBURN — In Marion, Mass., July 27, by Rev. J. R. Washburn, Joseph Sharkey, of New Bedford, and Carrie L. Washburn, of Fair Haven.

C. L. S. C. GRADUATES.—All candidates for graduation in the class of '98 within reach of Hedding, N. H., are invited to order the Office to send their diplomas to Rev. C. W. Rowley, at Hedding, and if possible be present on Recognition Day, Aug. 18, to receive them then formally, bringing them with them if they have been received. It is hoped that all in this section of New England will heed this request. C. W. ROWLEY, Supt.

WILLIMANTIC CAMP-MEETING.—Will the ministers of Norwich District who are planning to attend the camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29, and desire railroad passes, please notify the secretary? As the number of passes is limited, it is desired that none be sent to any person who will not use it.

JULIAN S. WADSWORTH,
South Manchester, Conn.

If You Feel "All Played Out"

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It repairs broken nerve force, clears the brain and strengthens the stomach.

We sometimes hear people declare with an air of much assurance that they have got through looking to men or relying at all upon human opinion; they look only to the Lord, and are taught exclusively by Him. This sounds very fine and seems very devout, but when analyzed a little it is perceived to mean simply that these well-meaning souls are trusting to their own untaught and extremely limited intelligences instead of seeking counsel from those much wiser and better than they. The false assumption which underlies their position is that the conclusions they reach are divinely directed, while those reached by other people have no such origin or guidance. A certain measure of egotism and uncharitableness, instead of humility and love, are the basis of their conduct. They charge all whose opinions differ from their own with not having sought help from on high, which is something they can by no means know, and have no right to take for granted. In the absence of clear proof to the contrary, the only proper assumption must be that all people whose lives are right and who profess to be seeking for the truth have been aided by God in their search. The amount of deference to be paid the results reached will then depend wholly upon the amount of intelligence possessed and the pains taken. The notion that the uneducated person has a better chance to understand the Scripture if, dispensing with all commentaries and other learned helps, he looks to the Lord alone in prayer, is the fruit of a diseased brain and leads to all sorts of

Everyone knows the expense and annoyance of lamp-chimneys breaking.

Macbeth's don't break; and they make more light.

Write Macbeth Pittsburgh Pa

CANCER AND TUMOR removed without knife or plaster. Pamphlet from Swedish Med. Co., Lynn, Mass

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits Cured. Write B. M. Woolley, M.D. Atlanta, Ga.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases called hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. 10 DAYS TREATMENT FREE by mail. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, ATLANTA, GA.

OBITUARIES

Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are ended!
Who, through death, have unto God as-
cended!

Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving;
Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and heartbreak-
ings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleep-
ing,
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping;
No cross or trial
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears forever;
Ye have that for which we still endeavor.
To you are charmed
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with glad-
ness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that
bind us!
Lead us forth, and cast the world behind us!
With Thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed!

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Hawks — Rev. Joseph Hawks, a venerable and esteemed member of the Maine Conference, died in Cambridge, Mass., July 1, 1898. He was born in Harvard, Mass., July 5, 1814, and had been spared four days longer, he would have completed his 84th year.

When a mere boy Mr. Hawks' parents removed to Boston, where he spent his early life. At his earnest solicitation, while quite young, he learned a trade — a pocket-book maker — and became a skilled workman. Though his parents were not Methodists, he early found a church home in the Bromfield St. Church, and became a member of the Sunday-school, then, and for many years, under the efficient superintendency of Hon. Jacob Sleeper. Here he was converted and became a member of the church. His education was commenced in the public schools of Boston, and he graduated from all except the Latin School. He was early impressed that God had called him to preach the Gospel, and soon commenced preparation for his life-work. He first entered Wilbraham Academy. Here he remained one year, but learning that he could pursue his studies at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill, for about half what it cost at Wilbraham, he left and entered the Maine school, with Prof. W. C. Larrabee, principal, and Rev. B. F. Tefft as his teacher. In the debating societies of the school he was foremost and had the credit of being a "ready speaker," and in a debate for a prize, consisting of Milton's "Life and Works," he was the successful winner.

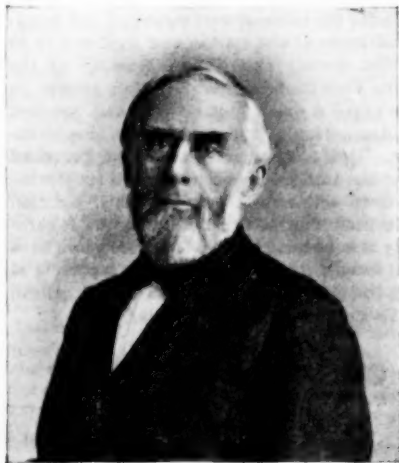
It was during the latter part of his stay at Kent's Hill that he first became acquainted with Mr. Hawks. In 1835 Rev. John Wesley Dunn was stationed in Belfast. After a few months his health failed, and he was obliged to retire. Mr. Hawks, then a student at Kent's Hill, came to fill his place. He was about twenty-one years of age, but appeared much younger. Being small in stature and of ruddy complexion, he had as boyish an appearance as almost any one that ever entered the pulpit. On the first Sabbath morning in the church, as he climbed up the high pulpit steps, there was a deep feeling of sympathy for him and a general query as to whether we had a child-preacher, who would likely fall in the first effort, or one who could really "preach the Word." But as he commenced the services he seemed much at home; his voice was soft, but clear and musical. The people soon lost sight of the boy in his manly utterances; and as his eloquent words fell upon the congregation like flashes of lightning from a gathering storm-cloud, shouts of "amen" and "glory," after the old Methodist style, were heard in all parts of the house. A few, who thought only of failure at the beginning, now praised the youthful preacher, and all were ready to concede that, though he was small, he had filled the pulpit beyond any of his predecessors, Rev. Mark Trafton excepted, who had served the church two years before. Mr. Hawks remained with us about four months, sustaining his reputation as a preacher to the close, and then returned to Kent's Hill to complete his studies.

He joined the Maine Conference, which met at Kent's Hill in 1840, Bishop Soule presiding, it being the Bishop's last visit to

his native State. There is but one member left of that class of twenty-one who joined that year — Rev. S. S. Cummings, of the Little Wanderers' Home. They have all finished their course and rest from their labors.

For forty-two consecutive years Mr. Hawks claims never to have lost a Sabbath or an appointment. Who can show a better record? Not a break in forty-two years! He served twenty-nine appointments in the Maine Conference, such as Saco, Bath, Strong, Mechanic Falls, Alfred, etc., and in some instances he was returned for a second term.

Mr. Hawks was a born preacher. He devoted his life to this one thing. He did not spend his time in lecturing on the popular topics of the day, but in preaching the Gos-



REV. JOSEPH HAWKS

pel of the grace of God. He did not advertise his subjects, announcing them in some outlandish form to attract the curious observer. He disdained all such claptrap in connection with the "glorious gospel of the blessed God." He was a ready speaker, with ample command of appropriate language and no want of well-arranged thoughts. He was favored in his earlier ministry with an unusually impressive voice, mellow, rich, and at times of great compass. While he possessed these elements of an effective preacher, he was unassuming; he never put on airs as though he were some great one; but he was conscious of his own power, and could never submit to be trampled upon by those who fancied themselves to be what he knew they were not. He always stood up for his rights when he thought it proper, and when he was assured it was the purpose of another to ride over him. Mr. Hawks was a religious man in the best sense of that word. It is true he was not a Fletcher in spiritual fervor; he was not of that temperament. He did not make a great display of his religious attainments. The Bible was his supreme law book; everything must yield to that. He would admit of no opinion which did not have for it a "thus saith the Lord." He had no patience with men who were ever putting forward their speculations. "To the Law and to the testimony" was his appeal. He was always ready to enter into conversation on spiritual subjects, and gave evidence that he was familiar with the experience. I never called upon him but, by his request, we had a season of prayer which he seemed greatly to enjoy. He came to the end without a doubt. His sky was clear and his end sweet and peaceful. He kept the faith, and is crowned a victor.

In 1842, while stationed at Richmond, Mr. Hawks was united in marriage with Mary W. Simmons, June 2. She was an estimable lady and a helpmate to her husband, bearing patiently for many years the toils and privations of the itinerancy, which was no small burden in those years in Maine. She was the mother of seven children — two sons and five daughters — all of whom are now living. When she was smitten by death, the light of his home went out. In October, 1876, he was again married to Mrs. Charles W. Hawkes, of Cambridge. Though his second wife bore the same name, with the exception of an added e, there was no family connection. Mrs. Hawks has proved a great blessing to our brother, and in his almost helpless condition from comparative blindness she has cared for him tenderly, though in feeble health herself, until the end came. He continued to travel for a brief time after his second marriage, but his sight failing, he was obliged, in 1886, to retire from the work, and for about fifteen years has resided in Cambridge. During these years he has maintained an exemplary character, taking a deep interest in all that pertained to

church life. He was regular in his attendance on the Sabbath, and was generally at the social meetings, giving his testimony for Jesus as he had opportunity.

His end was as the "dying of a wave along the shore" — peaceful and painless. Some weeks before his death he submitted to a dangerous surgical operation, from which he never fully recovered, and which hastened his end. He so far improved, however, as to be able to attend church, and was present the last Sabbath of his earthly life. But his strength thereafter rapidly failed. Thursday night he retired, and seemed unconscious that anybody was near him, as, lying upon his bed, for half an hour he prayed for his seven children and his grandchildren one by one, by name, in the most artless, tender manner, commending them to the care and protection of his Heavenly Father, and saying, as he did so, "You will hear my prayer for them, won't you, O my Father?" He then dropped into a quiet slumber.

On Friday morning he arose as usual and came down to his breakfast. He read and prayed as was his practice, but seemed very weak. He remarked to his wife that he would like to go upstairs, and as he felt so weak he wished her assistance. It was with a good deal of effort that they reached the head of the stairs, a lady present finally assisting. He sat down upon a lounge and leaned his head upon his wife's shoulder. She laid him back upon the couch, the lady lifting his feet from the floor. As he lay back upon the lounge he breathed two or three times, and "was not," for God had taken him. Thus lived and died our beloved brother, Joseph Hawks.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. M. Taylor, D. D., pastor of the Harvard St. Church, July 3, assisted by Rev. J. L. Estey. I had arranged to be present, but the excessive heat of the day prevented. The services were simple and deeply impressive, and a goodly number were present, notwithstanding the oppressive heat. The mortal remains of our brother rest in our beautiful Mount Auburn, awaiting the resurrection of the just. He leaves a widow, seven children, and an aged sister now past ninety years of age. We commend them to the sympathy and prayerful consideration of the church and to the God of mercy and grace.

WILLIAM McDONALD.

Childs. — Mrs. Rowena Childs was born Aug. 5, 1821, and June 7, 1898, went to meet her God.

She was the oldest of a large family — Rev. B. K. Bosworth, of the New England Southern Conference, being a younger brother. The care of her brothers and sisters prepared her for her own maternal duties, and in her widowhood she continued the good work with her grandchildren, and even to the fourth generation she blessed the children that came under her influence in what so many are prone to designate the narrow sphere of home life.

At the age of eighteen she joined the Methodist Church, and for sixty years her prayers and labors were for our Lord's Zion.

SORE HANDS

CURED BY CUTICURA

My sore hands commenced with a burning on my fingers. When I rubbed them you could see little white pimples, and I felt like twisting them out of their sockets. I had high fever and cold chills, 14 days I had to walk the floor until I fell asleep. My hands peeled like an onion, the finger nails got loose, the water ran out, and there the burning fire was. My hands puffed up worse than a toad, the water ran through the bandage on to the floor. I went to a doctor for a year. I got CUTICURA RESOLVENT and CUTICURA SOAP. The nails hardened up, peeled off, and my hands are now cured.

CASPER DIETSCHLER, Pembroke, N. Y.
SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT FOR TORTURING, DESPISING HONORS, WITH LOSS OF HAIR. — Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

Sold throughout the world. PUTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. "How to Have Beautiful Hands," free.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Of her means she gave with care and faith, that the Gospel might be carried to the world. In all conditions in life she knew her Saviour as a personal companion and trusted Him implicitly to the end. She is missed in all circles that knew her presence, but what is our loss only adds to her complete gain. Many loved ones tarrying behind hope that they may hear as clearly the "well done" and "welcome home."

H. H. C.

True.—Mrs. Clarissa True was born in Peterboro, N. H., Dec. 16, 1808, and died in Derry, N. H., May 23, 1898, aged nearly 90 years. Her husband, Hale True, died July 15, 1873. With her only son, Cummings True, Esq., and his excellent wife, she has found a beautiful and comfortable home for the last quarter of a century.

Mrs. True was converted over sixty years ago, in Peterboro. For over forty years she has quietly, intelligently and consistently exemplified the genuine Christian spirit in the home, the neighborhood, the church and the community where she died. Her industry, benevolence and force of character have long given her a merited prominence in Derry. She inherited the fibre, force and conscientiousness of the old New England stock. Even in her old age she was vivacious and witty, sweet and winsome, the centre and charm of a wide and appreciative circle. She will be greatly missed. But it was late in life's evening. It was time for her to join that larger circle of choice spirits which was awaiting her in the glory-land. And so, while the dearest of earth, with tear-filled eyes, were bidding her a reluctant adieu, voices long ago familiar were saying, "Welcome wife, sister, mother!" This, we have no doubt, is another of those departures "which is far better." But all the lonely ones who shall be found meet for the inheritance of the saints in light will, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, soon see and be with her forever. The writer, who baptized and attended the funeral of her beautiful daughter, thirty-seven years ago, performed the last sad rites of the mother, May 25, 1898.

J. W. ADAMS.

COLLEGE of PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS

Equal privileges for Men and Women. Allowance for service in Hospital and Dispensary. Nineteenth year opens Sept. 20.

AUGUSTUS P. CLARKE, A. M., M. D., Dean, 817 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass. Send for Catalog.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

National and International Growth.

The past year bearers of university degrees from one hundred and four American and foreign universities, colleges, and professional schools have pursued professional and other advanced studies in Boston University. Its 1454 matriculants came from twenty-six foreign, and from thirty-four American States and Territories. To students of literature, philosophy, science, law, medicine, theology, Boston offers many advantages found in no other city. The University has 136 Professors and Lecturers. For free circulars and information respecting the Free Scholarships address the Registrar, 12 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

The Woman's College of Baltimore

offers earnest, well prepared young women facilities for obtaining a college education under the direction of specialists, with abundant laboratory appliances and modern methods. Climate mild, surroundings cheerful. Total yearly expense, three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Programs mailed on application. JOHN F. GOUCHER, Pres., Baltimore, Md.

University of Maine

SCHOOL OF LAW, Bangor, Me. Opens Oct. 5, 1898. Tuition, \$60. Total expenses, including board, \$230. For circulars address President A. W. HARRIS.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

EDUCATIONAL

Wesleyan Academy

Wilbraham, Mass.

Applications now received for Fall term, which opens Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1898.

Rev. WM. R. NEWHALL, Principal.

Drew Theological Seminary

Next term opens September 15. For information address the President.

HENRY A. BUTTS, Madison, N. J.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

FRAMINGHAM, MASS

Entrance examinations September 5 and 7. For circulars address

MR. HENRY WHITTEMORE, Principal.

DUMMER ACADEMY

Massachusetts, South Byfield. Founded 1783. Prepares for Scientific Schools, Colleges or Business. Individual instruction. Location beautiful and healthy. New catalogue just out.

PERLEY L. HORNE, A. M.

Rhode Island, East Greenwich.

East Greenwich Academy

Founded 1802. Both sexes. On Narragansett Bay. Cottages. Electric light. Elegant new dining hall. Endowed. Twelve courses. September 12. Illustrated Catalogue.

F. D. BLAKESLEE, D. D., Principal.

East Maine Seminary

Bucksport, Me.

Rev. J. Frank Haley, A. M., President. Expenses low. Send for catalog.

Fall term begins Aug. 29.

THE

Portland School for Girls

(Successor to the Bellows School).

163 Danforth St., Portland, Me.

Will open September 21, 1898.

Principals { CAROLINE M. CRISFIELD,
AGNES LOWELL.

New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College

Tilton, N. H.

Fall term opens Sept. 6, 1898. College preparatory, Courses in Music, Art, and Commercial studies. Twelve teachers. Resident nurse. Steam heat. Electric lights.

Send for a Catalogue to the President,

GEO. L. PLIMPTON.

THE

Fisk Teachers' Agencies

(Incorporated.)

EVERETT O. FISK & CO.,

Proprietors.

4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
1342 12th St., Washington, D. C.
35 King St., West, Toronto, Can.
375 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
414 Century Building, Minneapolis, Minn.
730 Cooper Building, Denver, Colo.
525 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
525 Stimson Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

Send to any of the above agencies for Agency Manual, free. Correspondence with employers is invited. Registration forms sent to teachers on application.

Large numbers of school officers from all sections of the country, including more than ninety per cent. of the Public School superintendents of New England, have applied to us for teachers.

We have filled positions at salaries aggregating

\$7,613,896.00.

Methodist Book Concern

EATON & MAINS, Agents

Songs that you can sing

—FOR—

CAMP MEETINGS and SOCIAL SERVICES.

The Chorus of Praise

By J. M. BLACK.

Songs for Young People

By E. O. EXCELL.

Songs of the Soul

By J. M. BLACK.

Sacred Songs

By SANKEY and others.

Finest of the Wheat

By MCCABE.

These are some of the best and latest Books.

Prices from \$10 to \$30 per hundred.

Samples and prices of any Book on application to

New England Depository

Chas. R. Magee, Manager

38 Bromfield St., Boston

EDUCATIONAL

Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College

Kent's Hill, Me.

Fall term opens August 30.

Send for Catalogue.

Rev. A. F. CHASE, Ph. D.,

President.

MASSACHUSETTS, Auburndale (10 miles from Boston).

Lasell Seminary for Young Women

Suggests to parents seeking a good school consideration of the following points in its methods:—

1. Its special care of health. Resident nurse supervising work, diet and exercise; abundant food in good variety and well cooked; early and long sleep; a fine gymnasium furnished by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard; bowling alley and swimming-bath; no regular or foreknown examinations etc.

2. Its broadly planned course of study. Boston proximity both necessitates and helps to furnish the best of teachers, including many specialists; with one hundred and twenty pupils, a faculty of thirty. Four years' course; in some things equal to college work; in others, planned rather for home and womanly life. Two studies required, and two to be chosen from a list of eight or ten electives. One preparatory year. Special students admitted if eighteen years or over, or graduates of High Schools.

3. Its home-like air and character. Training in self-government; limited number (many declined every fall for lack of room); personal oversight in habits, manners, care of person, room.

4. Its handiwork and other unusual departments. Pioneer school in scientific teaching of Cooking, Millinery, Dress-making, Business Law for Women, Home Sanitation, Swimming.

Regular expense for school year, \$500. For Illustrated catalogue address (mentioning ZION'S HERALD),

C. C. BRAGDON,

Principal.



CHURCH CARPETS

AT MANU-
FACTURERS'
PRICES.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & Co.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY.
658 WASHINGTON ST.,
OPP. BOYLSTON ST.,
BOSTON.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Wednesday, July 27

- Admiral Sampson's report of the destruction of Cervera's fleet is given to the public.
- The French Ambassador called on the President, in behalf of Spain, to inquire the terms of peace.
- The Olivette sails for Santiago with supplies; the Berlin leaves New Orleans for Santiago with the 1st and 2d Regiments of Immunes; and the Philadelphia, Admiral Miller's flagship, sails from San Francisco for Honolulu.
- Gen. Miles effects a landing at Guanica, Porto Rico, after a slight skirmish in which four Spaniards were killed.
- Gen. Shafter reports 2,138 cases of fever, of which 495 are new; the death rate still low.
- The jury fails to agree in the case of U. S. Senator Kenney of Delaware who was tried for conspiracy in wrecking a bank.
- The Council of the Legion of Honor has erased the name of Zola from its rolls.
- The young king of Spain has the measles.

Thursday, July 28

- Gen. Brooke sails from Newport News, with his troops, for Porto Rico.
- The transport Concho arrives at Hampton Roads with 176 sick and wounded officers and men from Siboney.
- Cubans in the province of Santiago are permitted to occupy a town.
- Wrecking expedition for raising the Cristobal Colon sails from Hampton Roads.
- Honolulu wild with joy at hearing the news of annexation.
- Admiral McNair, superintendent of the Naval Academy, gives a dinner to Admiral Cervera and the other Spanish naval officers imprisoned there.
- The British report on the Bourgoigne disaster puts the blame on the steamer.
- Rev. P. F. Jernegan, promoter of a company to extract gold from sea water, buys many thousand dollars' worth of government bonds and sails for Europe.
- Reports from Berlin that Prince Bismarck is very ill.

Friday, July 29

- The port and the city of Ponce, Porto Rico, captured by the Americans.
- The St. Paul sails from Newport News for Porto Rico with more troops.
- The transport St. Paul sails from San Francisco for Manila with 850 men under the command of Col. Thomas H. Barber.
- Report that Shafter's soldiers will be sent to Montauk Point, Long Island, to recuperate.
- Spanish Cabinet admits that peace negotiations are under way.
- The camp at Miami, Fla., abandoned; troops transferred to Jacksonville.
- Hayti will not allow the United States to establish a weather station on the Haytian part of the island for fear of violating the neutrality laws.
- There is more talk of a European conference at Paris to discuss the Philippine question.
- The Spanish officials do not like Gen. Woods' sanitary regulations.



The Perfect Breakfast Food.

Pillsbury's Vitos, the ideal wheat food for breakfast, occupies the same relative position as Pillsbury's Best Flour. Sold by all grocers.

PILLSBURY-WASHBURN FLOUR MILLS CO. LD.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Saturday, July 30

- Gen. Merritt reports his arrival at Manila on the 25th; says he will need all the men assigned to his command.
- Gen. Wilson appointed Military Governor of Porto Rico; Americans received with open arms.
- Gen. Wood secures quiet and good order at Santiago.
- The Red Cross steamer State of Texas arrives at New York from Santiago.
- Secretary Long begins reduction of expenses of the Navy.
- The steamer Missouri has been loaned to the Government, free of all charges, for use as a hospital ship. She belongs to the Atlantic Transport Line of Baltimore.
- Death of three more Spanish prisoners at Seavey's island.
- Library prepared by Librarian Putnam for use of the Massachusetts hospital ship Bay State.
- Mr. Chamberlain tells the House of Commons that Du Bosc was requested to leave Canada.
- The Watertown arsenal suspended work today on account of the heat.

Monday, August 1

- The Texas arrives at New York for repairs.
- The death of Bismarck announced yesterday.
- M. Cambon, French Ambassador, has sent to the Spanish Queen Regent our terms of peace.
- Augustin, the Spanish General at Manila, asks for reinforcements.
- Several prizes captured off Cuba by our blockading fleet.
- Gen. Miles reports that four-fifths of the inhabitants of Porto Rico are overjoyed at the arrival of the American Army.
- Major General Wade has been ordered to Porto Rico in command of an army division to reinforce Gen. Miles.
- The town of Neuvas, on the north coast of Cuba, bombarded by American ships and subsequently burned by the Spaniards.
- Anniversary of the emancipation of slaves in British West Indies.
- Escanaba, Michigan, has a \$200,000 fire.
- Rev. P. F. Jernegan, promoter of the Electrolytic Marine Salts Company, arrives at Havre and proceeds to Paris.

Tuesday, August 2

- Gen. Miles continues to advance on San Juan, Porto Rico, meeting with very little resistance; a battle expected soon.
- Gen. Merritt reports that he distrusts the natives who surround Manila, and that the situation is critical.
- The Columbia reported ashore near San Juan, Porto Rico.
- All the members of the coast signal corps in New England were mustered out yesterday.
- Copious rains in Nebraska save what is left of the corn crop; light fall of snow reported there.
- Prairie fire burns thousands of bushels of wheat in Rush County, Kansas.

Men, women and children who are troubled with sores, humors, pimples, etc., may find permanent relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FOR SALE OR RENT

House of 15 rooms near Wesleyan Academy, where tuition is free to residents. Terms easy. Address, Rev. F. M. MILLER, Wilbraham, Mass.

7½% Net

On Five Year First Mortgage Loans secured upon improved farms in RED RIVER VALLEY, NORTH DAKOTA. I loan only to actual farmers upon lands that I have personally examined. Have been loaning here since 1883.

Write for descriptive applications.

I will buy or collect mortgages negotiated by Companies now out of business. References furnished from among my clients in YOUR State.

J. H. McCULLOUGH, Atty.,
Milton, N. Dakota.

Send For

"MANTLE AND SPIRIT,"

The Vermont Epworth League Convention poem. 10 cts. A. J. HOUGH, White River Junction, Vt.

It was not only witty, but wise and strong, and was greatly enjoyed by the audience. It should be published in some way for the benefit of a much wider constituency. — Christian Advocate.

The
Saratoga Limited
via the
Fitchburg Railroad
leaves
Boston
at 9.30 a. m.
Through
Parlor Cars.

